THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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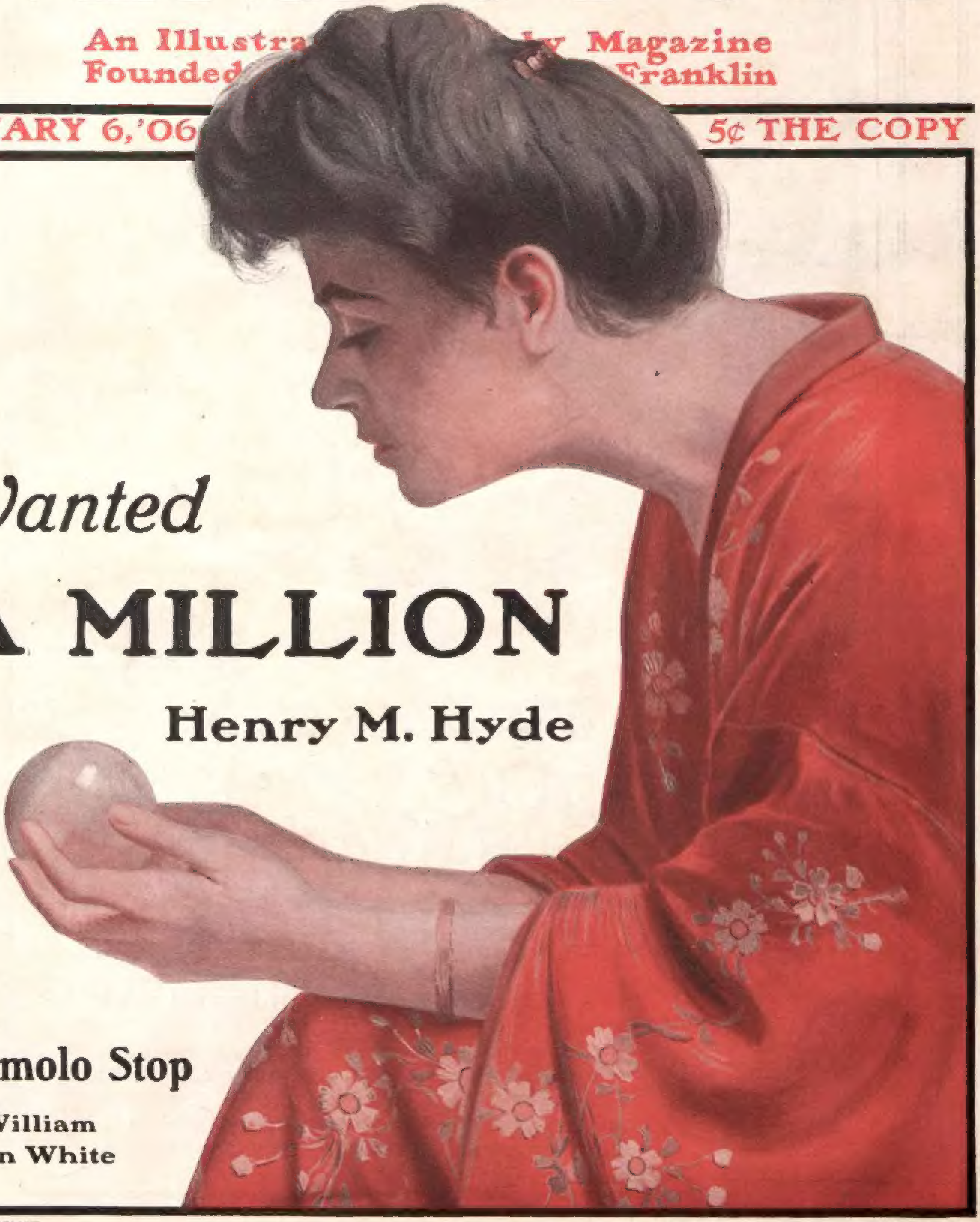
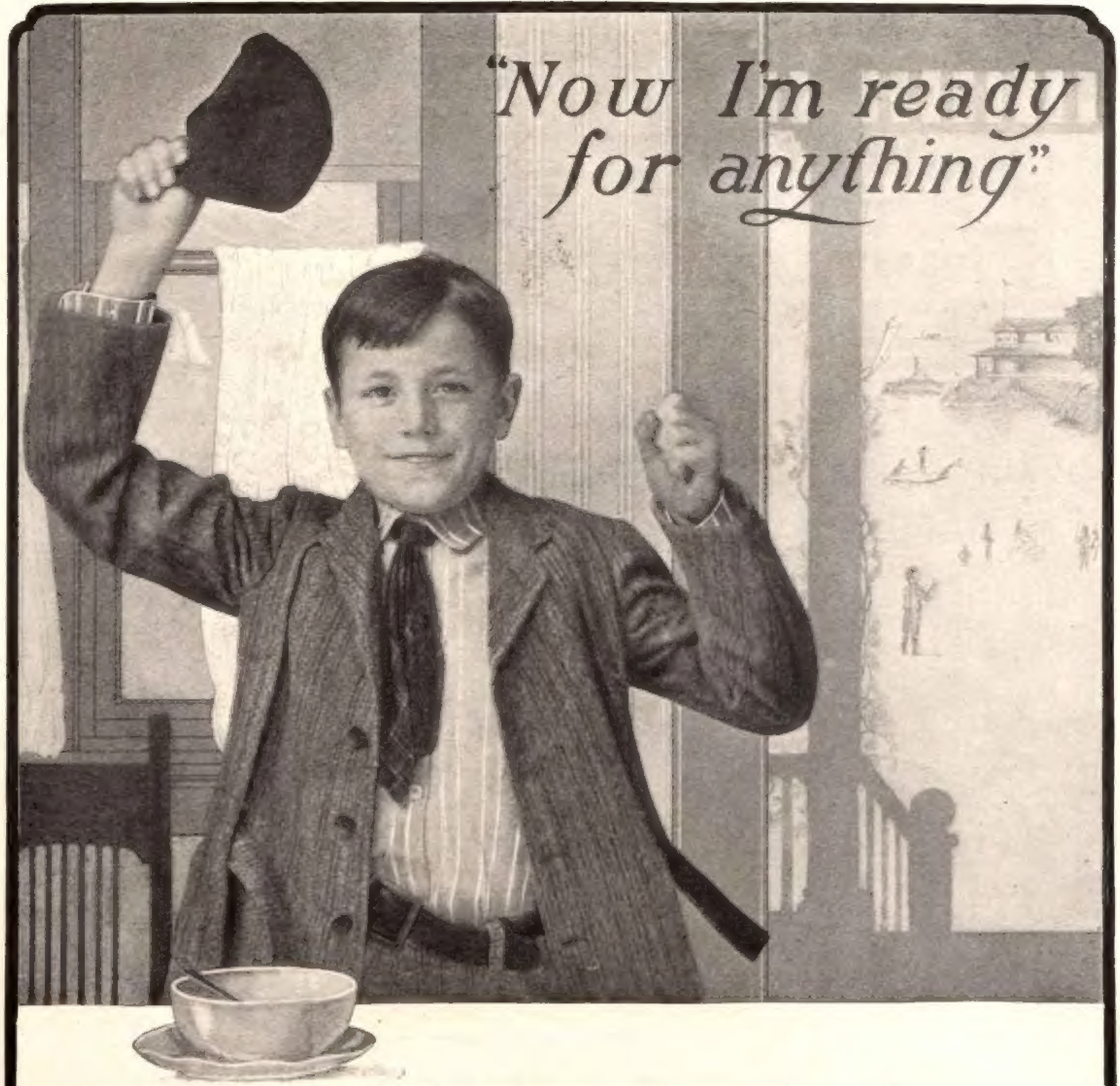


Wanted
A MILLION
By Henry M. Hyde

The
Tremolo Stop
By William
Allen White

DRAWN BY H. I. MARLATT

The Private Freight Car System—By J. OGDEN ARMOUR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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Private Freight Car System

By J. Ogden Armour

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PHOTO. BY STEFFENS, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. Ogden Armour

A CLEAR and fair understanding of the private freight car problem is wholly impossible without some knowledge of why and how the private car came into existence and how the system has been developed to its present proportions. Equally important to a right conclusion in this matter is a knowledge of the source and the animus of the present agitation, the avowed purpose of which is to put the private car out of business. Unless these things are clearly set forth the meat of the whole contention is missed.

But before I attempt to present these essential facts let me say that I believe in the fairness of the American people, and that when once they get a clear understanding of a cause they will render a righteous judgment. President Roosevelt has put the disposition of this people most descriptively in declaring that they are "for a square deal." It is because I believe this so profoundly that I make the statements contained in this paper and those which will follow it. Any man who has a just cause need not, I believe, fear to appeal to the American people when he can be sure of reaching practically the whole people direct, and is also assured that he is not, in stating his case, liable to be misquoted or in any manner misrepresented.

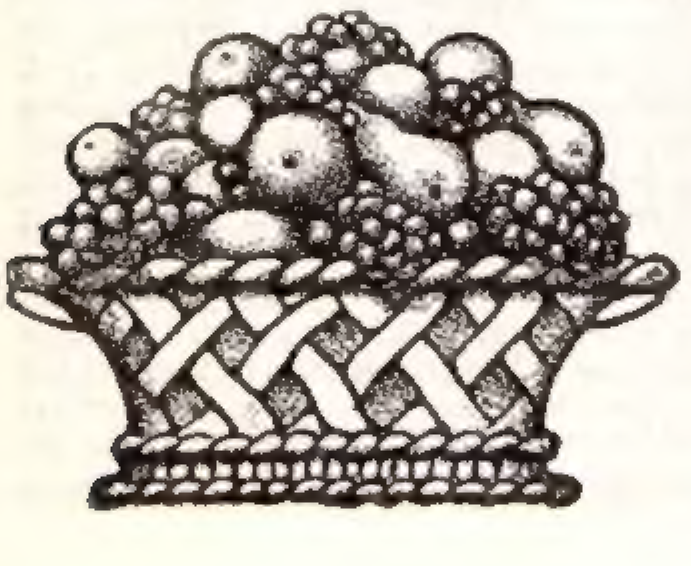
The storm centre of the present controversy is the private fruit and produce car; consequently this must for the moment command the greater attention. The fact remains, however, that the meat car was the pioneer in the private field, and that the fruit car was a direct evolution from it.

It has always seemed to me that the very manner in which the private car came into being is enough clearly to justify its existence in the mind of any fairly-disposed man of affairs.

In the old days cattle were moved from the Middle West to the East alive and on the hoof. This movement from the prairies, where the cattle could be most cheaply grown, to the centres of population in a part of the country ill-adapted to grazing, but where the demand for the meat was the strongest, was found to be very expensive, inland transportation then being both poor and costly. A steer weighing one thousand pounds would dress five hundred and fifty pounds. This is only another way of saying that shipping on the hoof meant paying high freight charges on four hundred and fifty pounds of what was *then* practically all waste material, and quite a large portion of the five hundred and fifty pounds of dressed meat also consisted of bone and other waste matter that could not be eaten. Of course, dressed meat could be shipped for a limited distance in freezing weather, but always with great risk, transportation then being slow, crude and uncertain. During the warmer months traffic in dressed meats was therefore confined to the local field.

Under these conditions it did not require any marvelous amount of acumen to see that the business could not be expanded beyond the local field, as far as the warmer months were concerned, unless some adequate means of protecting the meat against the effects of high temperature while in transit and until sold could be devised. Probably it is fair to say that the packers would have been decidedly obtuse if they had failed to see that the salvation and expansion of their business was locked up in the then undiscovered secret of how to ship dressed meats under some kind of cooling process that could be depended upon to keep them in good condition, and that should not be too expensive.

On the one hand, in the prairies of the West was the natural basis for almost unlimited expansion in the growing of cattle at the minimum of cost; on the other hand, the cities and the more thickly-settled sections of the East and South were calling for this meat from the prairies. The expense of shipping cattle from the West to the East was practically prohibitive so far as the natural growth of the cattle industry was concerned. The hour had struck for that great economic and industrial step: the appearance of the first crude meat refrigerator car.

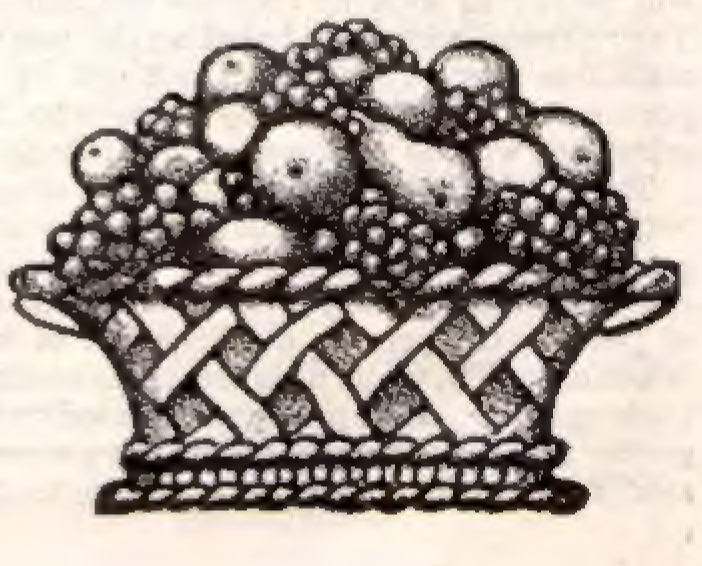


Properly speaking it was not a refrigerator car at all; simply a big ice-box on wheels with the cargo of meat heaped upon the ice and coming directly in contact with it. Mr. Hammond, then of Detroit, is believed to have made the first fairly successful experiment in the building of a meat refrigerator car, in 1871. Although stationary refrigerators were at that time in limited use, the facilities of the average Eastern butcher or retailer for keeping meats were poor, and the Western killers had, of course, no branch houses or distributing stations. The meat which came in contact with the ice became discolored and spoiled quickly when taken off and subjected to the inadequate refrigeration then almost universal. To remedy this difficulty cars were so equipped that the meat could be suspended from the rafters and ceiling, with the result that when the car was in motion and going around curves the halves of meat were set swinging like pendulums and finally communicated their motion to the car. Several wrecks occurred which were attributed to this cause and the hostility of the railroads was awakened.

The next step in this evolutionary process was that of partitioning off one end of the car into an ice bin, or bunker, the meat being suspended in the body of the car in a proper manner. This was a decided improvement and the meat carried in these cars arrived in better condition. However, the true principle of car refrigeration eluded the experimenters for several years, but finally one of them hit it squarely and brought out the fact that a draft of air passing through a bunker, or ice chest, in the upper corner of a car, becomes chilled so that it is heavier than the air which it meets, and consequently it drops down, circulating through the car, and finally, after it has lost its chill and becomes lighter than the incoming current, rises and passes out of the ventilator. Thus a current of fresh chilled air is constantly circulating about the meat which is securely racked and does not touch the ice at all.

About the time this principle of car refrigeration was clearly established my father recognized its permanence and its relation to the future of the meat business. He saw that the meat refrigerator car hitched the packing business to the growth of this country, that it annexed to the Western ranges and prairie pastures the thickly-populated manufacturing and commercial centres of the East. Perhaps the other packers saw this as clearly as he did; certainly they were all interested in the development of the refrigerator car. But he was tremendously in earnest in this matter, and went to the management of the railroads over which he would naturally ship the most meat and asked for the building of a small number of these cars. He was very promptly informed that this could not be done, that the demands for expenditures in the ordinary avenues were too great to justify going into a side issue of this kind. This brought him face to face with an emergency of almost critical importance. He saw that refrigerator cars for the shipment of dressed meats were an absolute necessity, that their hour had arrived, and that the packer who did not recognize as inevitable this great change in the industry and make the most of it would drop behind in the irresistible movement of events. On the other hand, his own business was, like that of the railroads, growing faster than his capital; he had hard work to keep up with it and needed more money in the routine expansion of the industry than he could command, without putting thousands of dollars into cars of the most expensive kind. All the vigor with which he could urge his case, his confidence in the great volume of business to be developed by the meat refrigerator car, failed to move the railroad managers to whom he appealed, and he finally found himself absolutely forced as a matter of self-protection to the building of the first private car of the Armour system. To do this was then a decided hardship, an alternative which he adopted only because he saw it to be a matter of the sternest necessity. At that time the cars cost something more than $1200 each, and because of the demand which he felt for money in the regular channels of his growing business he could build only a small portion of the cars which he really needed.

The meat refrigerator car accomplished all that my father expected and more. Industrially it influenced the most important economic development of the packing business—the utilization of waste material in the manufacture of by-products.



Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of six articles by Mr. Armour presenting the packers' side of the several questions relating to their business which have been before the public.

What this phase of the industry means to the people of the United States and to the packers I shall try to tell in another article; but it is merely suggested in the statement that by its economies the packers are able to ship meat into thousands of localities remote from the great source of supply in the West, and sell a superior "cut" at a lower price than the butcher can sell an inferior "cut" taken from a home-grown meat animal killed in his own slaughter-house.

But the refrigerator car was destined to do more than revolutionize the meat industry. It was to place upon the tables of the people in cities and towns delicate and delicious fruits, berries and vegetables grown in remote localities, as it had already brought to them the fresh meats from the prairies and ranges. Very early in the history of the meat refrigerator car my father, who had been a farmer-boy in the fruit belt of New York State, became thoroughly convinced that refrigeration was the magic that would work as great a liberation and expansion for the fruit business as it had for the cattle industry.

After watching the results of experiments in shipping California fruits in ordinary meat refrigerator cars he became so enthusiastic in his belief in what refrigeration would do in the handling of fruits that he called Mr. George B. Robbins (now president of the Armour Car Lines) into his office, discussed various points of difference in the requirements of a refrigerator car adapted to carrying fruits and one for the shipping of meats, and finally said:

"Embody all these ideas in a plan and then place an order for the building of one thousand of the cars."

"But," cautiously suggested Mr. Robbins, "where are we going to get the business for so many cars?"

"Build them," exclaimed my father in his hearty and decisive way. "I'll pay for 'em; then you do your best to run them right."

While the cars were being built men were sent out into the fruit-growing sections to bustle for business. When the growers of a district were first solicited to ship their fruits in a refrigerator car they scouted the idea and declared that the fruit would be frosted and spoiled. In their minds refrigeration and freezing were synonymous, so far as the handling of fruits was concerned. Through sensible arguments and the testimony of growers who had once tried the experiment, sufficient business was secured to employ the new cars as they came out of the shops.

About this time my father took an extensive trip through the South and came back filled with the idea that it held wonderful possibilities for fruit-growers. At once he sent out a force of missionaries to see if the facts to be gained by a careful and scientific investigation would confirm this opinion. When the reports of these men came in he ordered another thousand fruit refrigerator cars from the shops. These missionaries came into closest contact with the people and almost literally helped to plant and start one after another of the now famous fruit and berry districts of the South. These soon made themselves felt, and the third thousand of cars was soon under construction.

At length the pinch of hard times began to be felt throughout the country, and Mr. Mysenburg, of the Wells and French Car Works, confessed that if unexpected orders were not secured a shut-down seemed inevitable. My father immediately placed an order for two thousand more fruit cars and advanced the money for their construction. From this time on he had a continued and increasing interest in the development of the fruit industry—a personal interest in the industry itself over and above that which he felt in the refrigeration business and its profits.

From the beginning, which I have briefly sketched, the growing of fruits and berries has been developed from the plane of comparatively an inconsequential avocation to the dignity of an immense industry. The number of private fruit refrigerator cars in the Armour Lines has increased to twelve thousand. The operation of the private fruit refrigerator car has changed the growing of fruits and berries from a gamble to a business, from a local incident to a national industry, bringing millions of dollars annually to districts where land was worth only five to ten dollars an acre before the general distribution of fruit was made possible by this agency. It is quite natural, then, that the lay reader should ask: If the private car has done all this for the grower of fruit, why all this outcry from the fruit men against the private car? I am glad to have the question raised, for the people, as a whole, do not know the truth of the matter; it is time they did, for they will be fair as soon as they see the real situation fairly. Their present views are based on the misinformation and malicious misrepresentations put out by the "frenzied" portion of the press and by those who have an axe to grind, but who do not care to come into the open to do it.

The fact of the matter is that this whole agitation started with the commission men of the country and not with the growers; these middlemen are the manipulators of the campaign that is being prosecuted for the express purpose of putting the private car lines out of business. With Washington, D. C., as a centre, these commission men are pushing an extensive propaganda based on the cry that the grower is being oppressed by the private car lines, and that this is the growers' fight for a chance to do business at a profit. All of the cunning at the command of these men is focused on the one purpose of spreading everywhere the impression that the private car is an "octopus" that is strangling the fruit-growing industry.

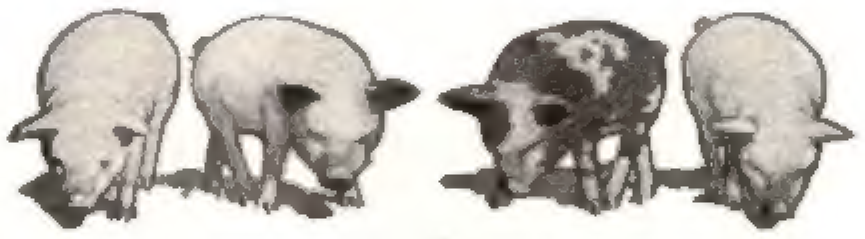
What are the facts in the case? The growers are satisfied with the private car, with its service, and with the system which they recognize has been the biggest factor in building their business to its present proportion and stability and in opening to them the markets of the entire country. This, I repeat, is not the fight of the growers, but of the commission men. The real attitude of the growers toward the private car was cleverly expressed in a recent speech by a representative of the Georgia Fruit-Growers' Association, who publicly declared:

"We have trained and chained the octopus so that it will feed out of our hands. The only thing we are afraid of is that this pounding of the refrigerator service by the commission merchant interests will cause the octopus to break its chains, jump the fence and leave us, as in former times, *with no octopus* but *with all our peaches!*"

This is the sentiment of the growers everywhere. I do not believe there is one exclusive grower in this country who does not recognize that the private refrigerator car is the salvation of and the mainstay of his business and absolutely vital to its prosperity and expansion. Also I as firmly believe that there is not one large grower in the country, having no interest in the fruit commission business, who does not clearly recognize that the private car line, operating on the principle of the exclusive contract, is the only *practical plan* of handling fruit refrigeration, and that it gives the shipper a quality and reliability of service impossible under any other scheme of operation. Scores of fruit-growers' associations and hundreds of individual growers have given public testimony to that effect, and hundreds of pages of such testimony have been given in the form of legal evidence under oath.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

By Joel Chandler Harris



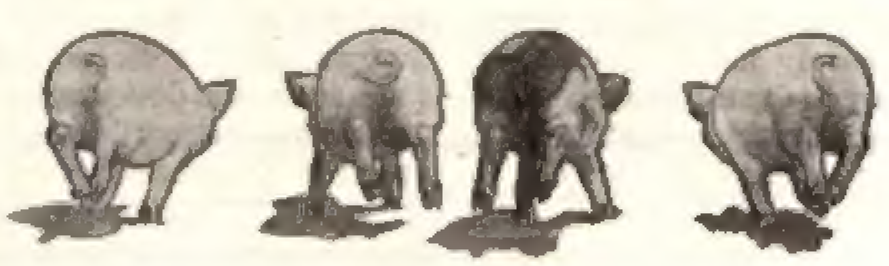
Hog-Killin' Time

Some seasons er de year you gits puny an' pale,
An' de Doc keeps a-comin' twel you thin ez a rail;
Den, ag'in, sometimes, whiles you feel purty well,
You know sump'n's wrong—what 'tis you can't tell:
De vittles tas'es flat, an' de water's so weak
Dat 'twouldn't answer back ef you cuss it a week!
But one thing sho, you allers feels prime
When de year rolls roun' wid hog-killin' time!
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
Ef I had my ruthers I wouldn't gi' a dime
Fer de diffunce 'twix' Chrismus an' hog-killin' time!

You'll know it, too, kaze you'll hatter shake yo' feet
Fer ter keep um warm in de sprinklin' sleet,
An' ol' Brer Win' will sweep off de skies,
An' de twinkle-little stars will wink wid der eyes;
An' den, come mornin', ol' King Sun
Will shine so weak dat de fros' won't run;
An' you'll hear, at de pen, de squealin' shote,
Wid a-many too big fer one man ter tote!
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
You nee'n' ter tell me freezy-froze don't rhyme
Wid all dat b'longs ter hog-killin' time!

Chillun blowin' up biathers ez fur ez you kin see!
Haslet's a-hangin' like fruit on de tree!
Niggers a-singin' ez fur ez you kin hear,
An' all un um grinnin' fum y'ear ter y'ear!
Hogs hangin' up on de gambrel-sticks—
Ef you count um twice, dey's Lev'mty-six!
De house-gal say backbone is "chime,"
But dat's all right at hog-killin' time!
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
Chine er chime, I know it's prime,
Kaze I done had some at hog-killin' time!

Hog-killin' time! Can't tell you all it means!
Kaze it fetches on jowl an' turnip greens,
Spar'-rib baked an' backbone pie,
An' red-ripe sassage ready fer ter fry—
Watch out de red pepper don't git in yo' eye!—
An' tubs er fat all ready fer ter try!
An' hogshead cheese, an' chitlin's ripe—
I could eat um all wid des one swipe!—
An' cracklin' pone, an' fatty-bread—
Ez ol' marster say, "Dey's 'nough been said!"
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
Chitlin's an' tripe! I wish you could try'm!
Dey all comes in at hog-killin' time!



Why, then, are the commission men so interested in putting the private refrigerator car lines out of business? Because the private car has been steadily and irresistibly liberating the grower from the clutches of the commission man; because the private fruit refrigerator car has compelled the commission man to quit doing business upon the capital of the growers and forced him to become an actual buyer and a merchant in fact. Under the old conditions of shipping fruit and berries, the growers were absolutely at the mercy of the commission men. Fruit shipped without proper refrigeration stood a good chance of arriving in a more or less damaged condition, and this likelihood was the strategic stock in trade of the commission men, who were not slow to make the most of it. Many reliable growers have testified that in the days before the private car invaded their territory they considered themselves lucky if the commission merchant did not demand a check from them to make up what the reported net results from the sale of their fruit fell short of the amount of the freight charges and of the middleman's commission. The consignments of fruit acknowledged by the consignees to have arrived in good condition were, in those days, about as rare as honest packers are now popularly thought to be. Or, if the grower's shipment was not reported to have arrived in damaged condition, he was likely to be told that the market was glutted, that the finest fruits were selling for what the poorest should bring, and that the shipper would do well if he did not have to send money to make up the freight.

Of course, it is true that without modern refrigeration great quantities of fruit did arrive at market in bad condition and that a glutted market was altogether too common. But this situation was diligently and assiduously used by the commission merchants as a club over the growers' heads. A thousand pages could be filled with the evidence of growers who have suffered this sort of thing.

The coming of the private fruit refrigerator car into a district put an end to this kind of tyranny. It carried the fruit of the growers into the usual market in precisely the same condition in which it left the orchards. There was no dodging this fact; it was so clear to the grower, the railroad and the commission man that it was beyond question or dispute. That did away with the time-worn excuse of the commission man that the shipment was received in badly damaged condition. The backbone of that stock claim was broken.

By the same token, the private refrigerator car put the other stock excuse of a middleman out of service. The glutted market became a vanishing quantity under the ability of the private fruit refrigerator car to take its cargo in prime condition to remote as well as near markets. In a word, not only did the private fruit refrigerator car multiply the markets open to the grower and shipper, and insure the good condition of his fruit in transit, but the private car system permitted him to divert his car at will and while in transit from its original destination to another less congested. In short, the private car enabled the grower to *know* that he could put his fruit into a *good market* in *good condition*.

Now these changes from the old line-up completely overturned the business of the commission merchant. The grower was no longer helpless in his hands, and the result was that the middleman had to get out and hustle for business; he had to go to the grower and treat with him on something like a fair basis. The history of every fruit district in which the private refrigerator car has operated for a period of years shows that its advent was followed by the buyers who went out to get their share of the crop and to bid against each other in order to do so.

In a single short article it is clearly impossible to more than touch the high spots in a controversy of the magnitude of that which has thus been stirred up about the private car lines—and to do so in merely a suggestive way at that. Therefore I have attempted in this paper little more than an introduction to the subject, but I shall undertake subsequently to deal in detail with facts and conditions which can only be put briefly and assertively in this opening article.

Several of the most important phases of this fight must be indicated by at least a passing statement. One of these is the matter of rebates. The propaganda put out by the men who have set themselves the task of driving the private car off the tracks of the railroads of this country proclaims that the private refrigerator car is simply a device contrived to evade the law forbidding the giving or receiving of rebates. This has been pounded into the ears of the people until, broadly speaking, they accept it without question.

Already I have shown that, so far as the Armour private cars are concerned, natural conditions, the force of circumstances, and the positive refusal of the railroad companies to put any money into "new-fangled refrigerator cars" simply compelled my father to build them himself. He found that the refrigerator car worked a wonderful expansion in the meat industry, and thought he saw that he could do as much for the fruit business. He backed his faith with his money and pioneered the way in the development of the fruit, berry and produce industry. This development was not only natural but inevitable. Accident seemed to decree that the meat and fruit refrigerator car should be builded by private enterprise, and certain industrial laws seemed to have further decreed that the private car should remain in private hands, and that its private operation and control give a far better service to the industries which employ it than could a refrigerator car owned by a railroad. All this is very remote from a "device" artificially called into being to dodge the rebate law.

But let me add to this the statement that, in fact, the Armour private car is not used as a device to secure, directly or indirectly, rebates, discriminations or concessions to the car line owning it, to the shipper using it, to the individuals—or any one of them—owning the Armour Car Lines, or to any individual near or remotely connected with the industry. It was determined when the prohibitive law against rebates went into effect it was to be obeyed and not evaded; that a policy of indirection and evasion was a poor policy from any standpoint and would not be countenanced by the Armour interests.

That there is a considerable difference of opinion between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads, relating to the transportation of property from interior cities of the United States upon a through tariff over railroads and steamships to foreign countries, is undeniable. The situation has provoked much comment. However, it is not clearly determined whether the matter is within the province of the Interstate Commerce Act and that of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The fact is that the recent indictment of railway and packing officials at Kansas City for alleged rebating relates exclusively to shipments from Kansas City to Europe. Speaking for my own company—the regular established, public rates have been paid in full; and there has not been "any rebate, concession or discrimination" of any character to shippers in this relation.

It seems to me that an "indictment" is neither the fairest nor the easiest method by which to arrive at an answer as to whether the railroads are required to file through tariff schedules relating to foreign shipments with the Interstate Commerce Commission or not. Other commodities, as, for instance, cotton, so I am informed, have always been made identically the same as the meat shipments involved in these indictments against the packers, but I do not recall any action being taken against the shippers of cotton. The manner of shipment in both cases has been fully understood by the Interstate Commerce Commission; there has been no concealment whatever in this respect. This is purely a technical matter, a law point which the Interstate Commerce Commission has long been urged to determine—one between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads on jurisdictional grounds—whether the tariff sheet must be filed by the railroads with the Commission—a question that rightly involves neither the packers who are indicted with the railroads nor any other shippers to foreign markets. There is nothing in the Kansas City indictment that conflicts with my statement in the preceding paragraph.

Another element in the situation which has been subjected to bitter and sensational attack is that of the "exclusive contract." This also demands careful and detailed treatment and will receive it later. Of course, this feature is inseparably associated with that of the reasonableness of the rate charged.

Right here it should be explained, for the benefit of the general public, that the service for which the shipper pays the private car line is that of refrigeration and not hauling. The private car lines take care of the fruit from the moment it enters the car door until it is unloaded at its destination; it has nothing whatever to do with the freight charges.

Only the commonest kind of selfish common-sense is required to arrive at the policy of keeping these refrigeration rates down to a point that will foster the fruit and berry industry and stimulate it to the broadest possible expansion. Any line of action less liberal than this would be short-sighted and suicidal. This is the policy that has steadily been pursued by the Armour Car Lines, and no doubt by their competitors. The assertion that the rates charged for refrigeration of fruits by the Armour Car Lines have decreased in every district in which it has operated cannot be controverted. As the volume of business developed has increased, the rates charged have been voluntarily lowered. For example: when five different car lines were competing for the Georgia peach refrigeration business the rate was $90 a car to New York. Afterward, under an exclusive contract with the Central of Georgia Railroad, it was reduced to $80 a car. Again, in 1901, owing to an increase in the volume of business, and a slight decrease in the cost of ice, we voluntarily reduced the refrigeration charges to $68.75. The reductions made by the Armour Lines in the refrigeration fruit rates from California since 1895 vary from 27 per cent. to 55 per cent., according to kind, loading point and destination. Everywhere throughout the whole field of operation the same consistent policy of reduction has been in force, and this has been brought out and substantiated in thousands of pages of evidence taken before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the United States Congressional Committees, and the other bodies which have had the private car lines on the gridiron. The attitude of the grower is simply this:

"We want lower rates if we can get them—but, above all things, let nothing be done in an effort to get them that will interfere with or deprive us of the private car line service as it now stands, for we're prospering and growing under it and we can't afford to have it jeopardized."

(Continued on Page 22)

WANTED—A MILLION

BY HENRY M. HYDE

Author of The Buccaneers

"OH, I JUST wish I had a million dollars!" cried Mrs. John Stephenson. She petulantly tossed the Chicago paper on the floor as she spoke and walked to the window which looked down the ragged stretch of Main Street.

"Huh!" snickered her husband unsympathetically, from the brussels-covered sofa.

"Oh, yes—laugh!" she cried, turning her face to him. "Austin may suit you. But I can't stand it. It seems to me I'll die if I stay here much longer."

"What's the trouble now?"

"You know. Gossip! Chatter! Ten years of Austin! I want to travel and see pictures and know people. I want——"

"The Mallers mortgage'll be paid next Thursday," the man interrupted. "Then we'll run up to Chicago. What you need is a rest."

"A rest! This side the grave there's no place like Austin if a rest is all you want."

John Stephenson smiled grimly at his wife's bitter emphasis.

"Haven't you any ambition left, John?" she cried tensely. "Do you want to work forever for eighteen hundred a year?"

He started to speak, but she interrupted.

"Yes, I know. When Forsyth dies they'll make you president at two thousand. And all the time we'll be living here. Think of London and Paris and all the world we'll never see!"

"You should have married a millionaire!"

"Oh, if you didn't have it in you I wouldn't say a word! But everybody knows you've got brains. How can you be satisfied to stay on in that wretched little bank?"

Stephenson stood up and threw back his shoulders.

"We haven't done so bad," he said. "There's the house and ten thousand loaned out, and——"

"Listen!" broke in his wife, picking up the paper:

"'The largest winner in the bull campaign in wheat, just closed, is Thomas Bender, who is said to be $500,000 ahead of the game. Bender has been on the board but three years, coming from Indiana in 1902 to take a minor clerkship.'"

Mrs. Stephenson dropped the paper on the table.

"And I can remember," she said, "when Tom Bender came in barefooted from the farm and went to work in the grain-elevator down at the station."

"So that's what started you, eh? I wondered what it was. Now, wouldn't it look nice for a bank cashier to take a flyer on the board?"

"Oh, John, you never try to understand me, nowadays," his wife said bitterly. "I'm only anxious for you to make the most of your opportunities."

She turned again to the window and stared down the commonplace little street.

"Well, I've got to go and open up that wretched little bank," said John Stephenson. "Good-by."

She watched him as he walked slowly down to the street and on under the maples which arched the sidewalk. In her mind she ran over the ten years of their married life. When John came back to take the cashiership of the little country bank they both looked on it as a mere postponement of the career they had planned to work out together. For the first five years he had been full of large projects. Since that time he had settled back, more and more, into an attitude of stolid contentment. Gradually, also, there had come a lack of sympathy between them, until now——

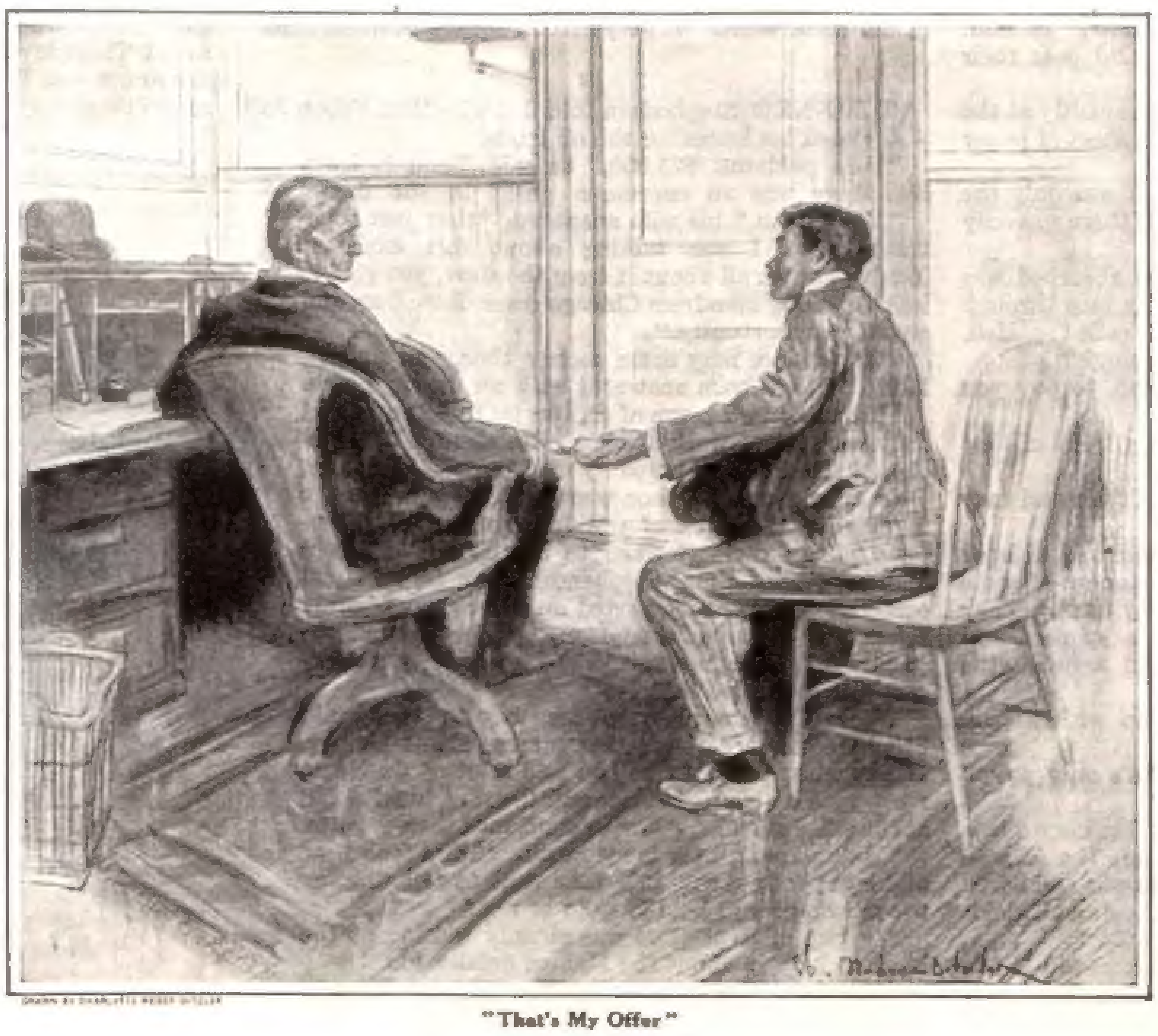
With a gesture of impotent distress she left the window, threw herself into a chair by the table and, with her face buried in her hands, cried for pity of them both.

Filson was waiting at the door of the bank.

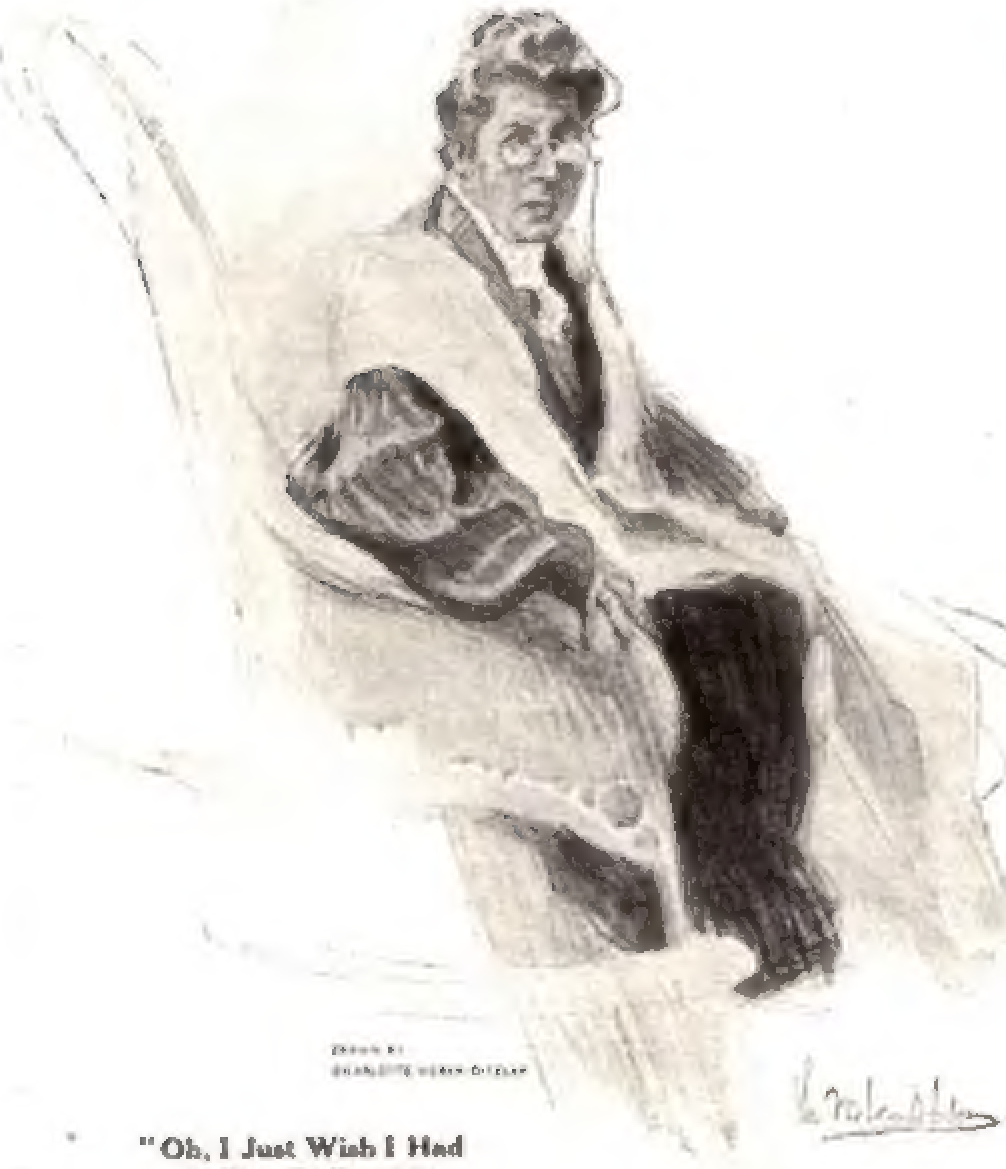
"Well, Stephenson, I thought you were never coming," he said impatiently.

"Why, what's the matter with you? Come in."

The two men sat down in front of the big desk. Young Filson's face was haggard.



"That's My Offer"



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE WEBER DITZLER

"Oh, I Just Wish I Had a Million Dollars!"

"Here, read this," he said, handing Stephenson a letter. "I just got it."

"We regret to report," the letter began, "that we do not find ourselves justified in loaning the $10,000 you applied for, on the collateral you offer." It was signed: "Sixteenth National Bank, by A. B. Burt, Cashier."

Stephenson looked inquiringly at the younger man.

"They've got me done," Filson said. "When I was in Chicago last week they approved my security and promised to mail the drafts yesterday."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that the Atlas Oil Company has put up a job on me. They know that, if I don't get that money before noon to-day, all my options'll be void and they'll gobble up leases on five thousand acres of the fattest oil lands in the country."

"Perhaps I can get your options extended?"

"No, the Atlas people have plugged that hole, sure. It's a plain case. If I don't get $10,000 more by noon to-day I'll lose the five thousand I've already put up and the leases, too. Stephenson, there's a good million dollars profit in the deal; if I—— Say," he interrupted himself suddenly, "why don't *you* let me have the money? I can have the collateral here to-morrow."

"On collateral another bank has turned down and that isn't even in hand, anyhow? We aren't doing that kind of high finance, Filson."

The excited promoter sprang to his feet. "Then I'll have to try to raise the cash by wire somehow!" he said. "If I only had twenty-four hours' leeway I'd beat their game sure."

John Stephenson sat at his desk, staring vacantly at the ink-well. Half-unconsciously he covered a sheet of paper with penciled dollar marks.

A million dollars profit! No doubt that was only the wild dream of an enthusiastic promoter. If there was only some way of getting at the truth!

A farmer, who had come in unheard, so absorbed was Stephenson in his thoughts, thrust a bushy face through the window in the counter-grating and called: "Heh, John? Seen young Filson around this morning?"

"Yes, he'll be back before noon, I reckon, to pay you what you've got coming."

"Say, John, ain't they some way I kin git out of that deal?"

"What for? Don't you want a couple of thousand easy money?"

"Say, John"—the farmer lowered his voice to a whisper and beckoned the cashier close to the window—"some fellers have been boring a trial well on my farm. They blowed her out this morning and struck a spouter, and they're offering me a hundurd dollars an acre for the rights."

"Well, Dan, it's too bad you're tied up with Filson, ain't it?"

"Lord!" groaned the farmer. "An' he's only payin' me five dollars. Ain't that jest my luck?"

Stephenson sat down again at the desk, his nerves in a tingle. Perhaps Filson was right! Certainly the Atlas—the cashier had no doubt it was their agents who had bored the trial well—was convinced that the Austin oil fields were extremely rich. A million dollars profit!

Stephenson sprang from his chair and took from a box in the vault, marked "Private," a heavy envelope. He spread its contents on the desk before him. Presently he glanced up at the calendar on the wall before him. "Four days," he said aloud, and shook his head. "It won't do. The old man'll be home to-morrow."

He got up and put the envelope back in the vault. As he turned away, Slocum, the station-agent and telegraph operator, came sauntering into the bank in his shirt-sleeves, and threw an open yellow slip of paper on the counter.

"Old man must be having a hot time in the city," he called over his retreating shoulder. "I always do suspect these church deacons."

The telegram was dated at Indianapolis. "Going to Chicago. Home in ten days," it read, and it was signed by Josiah Forsyth. The cashier looked up from the message and glanced around half-guiltily. It made the plan he had had in mind perfectly safe.

The clock struck eleven. Filson came hurrying into the bank, and the cashier turned to meet him with a new, shrewdly-calculating expression in his eyes.

"Just got this from the Cincinnati National," the promoter broke out, reading from a message in his hand: "'Will make loan, but can't send money by wire.' Now ain't that a lot of comfort? Stephenson, I'll pay you a bonus of $5000 if you'll let me have the money for a week."

The cashier shook his head decidedly. "No use talking about that," he said.

"Great Scott, man! Just think of it! I'm going to lose a million dollars for the lack of a dirty ten thousand."

Looking at him coolly, Stephenson reflected that he had better grounds than the promoter for feeling certain of huge profits in the deal.

"I can't loan you the bank's funds," he went on. "But"—he hesitated and Filson watched him with staring eyes—"but I've some cash of my own and——"

"And you'll loan it to me?" Filson sprang to his feet, a new light in his face.

"No, Filson, I'll not loan you a cent. But I will pay you ten thousand cash for a half-interest in all these oil leases."

The promoter collapsed in a chair. "For a half-interest!" he gasped. "I've done all the work; I've already paid out $5000 and I'll have to put in ten thousand more. You don't want much!"

Stephenson swung round to his desk. "That's my offer," he said, in a tone of finality. "It'll be noon soon."

Filson glanced up at the clock and pulled himself together sharply. "I'll take it," he snapped. "Draw up the papers and I'll sign them."

By twelve o'clock the partnership papers had been signed, and twenty thousand dollars—half of it advanced by the cashier—paid out to fifteen farmers for the oil and gas rights on five thousand acres of land. Every one of them was reluctant to sign the leases. Several offered large bonuses for the cancellation of the options they had given.

Before he went home to dinner the cashier took the ten-thousand-dollar Mallers mortgage from his private box again and put it with the securities belonging to the bank.

"That'll be paid on Thursday," he said to himself, "and before Forsyth gets home the cash'll be back in the bank vault. It's a perfectly square business deal."

II

AT DINNER Stephenson told his wife that Filson had closed his leases for the oil lands.

"He's paid out $25,000," he said, "and it looks like there was an enormous profit in the deal."

"Well, John," his wife answered, "that just illustrates what I was talking about this morning. You've known all about it from the start, yet you've let this young man from Chicago come down here and steal the opportunity."

"Our chance may come sooner than you expect, Molly," Stephenson answered with an uneasy laugh.

Filson had two crews of drillers on the ground and they were set to work at once. He also took possession of the trial well bored by the agents of the Atlas.

On Sunday night Filson went to Chicago to arrange for floating the stock of the Independent Oil Company, a corporation formed to handle the oil leases and in which he and Stephenson were to be equal owners. The two men parted on apparently friendly terms. If Filson harbored any grudge against the cashier for taking advantage of his necessity, he successfully concealed it.

Wednesday morning, on his way to the bank, Stephenson heard disquieting rumors about Mallers. It was whispered that he had sold a lot of duplicate mortgages on his real estate and fled. A hurried call at the office of Mallers' lawyer confirmed these reports.

"He's a crook," the lawyer said. "He's fooled me and everybody else. It'll take time to tell whether the mortgage you hold is valid or not."

A group of depositors was already waiting at the bank to inquire about the Mallers defalcation.

"The bank holds none of the Mallers paper," Stephenson told them all. That was at once the truth and a lie. As he repeated it, the cashier felt himself losing all hold on honor and common honesty.

In his mail he found a letter from Filson in Chicago. It was dated Tuesday and announced that the Atlas people had successfully blocked the placing of stock in Chicago, and that he was leaving that night for New York, where he was certain to find a broader market.

Slocum, the station-agent, came in presently, bringing a message from President Forsyth. "Mallers' failure looks bad," it said. "Home to-morrow."

That left Stephenson just twenty-four hours in which to save himself from exposure, if, indeed, it were possible to form any plan which promised success. But from the time the bank opened he was not given even a moment to consider calmly his own situation. Instead, he was forced to face a new and a more imminent danger.

A steady and constantly increasing stream of depositors filled the bank, every one of them eager to withdraw his account as quickly as possible. They showed a suspicious, unreasoning fear which was already close to panic.

When the cashier closed the bank at four o'clock less than $2000 cash remained in the vault. To-morrow, farmers coming in from the country would renew the run. If the $10,000 he had paid out on the oil leases were on hand it might have been weathered. Now——

Old Forsyth would come home to find himself ruined—his bank gone down in the crash!

Stephenson sat down wearily to try to think. He would raise as much money as he could on his house over night and put that in the bank to replace the funds he had borrowed. But the desperate situation in which he found himself did not affect the soundness of his judgment. A moment's reflection showed him that any attempt to mortgage his homestead in the present excited temper of the people would only increase the panic. He did not know President Forsyth's address in Chicago. Besides, the old man would probably be on his way home before a message could reach him. There was nothing to do but await developments.

It was characteristic of Stephenson that, having once analyzed the situation and come to a definite conclusion, he should allow himself no further futile, distressing struggles. Very calmly he got up from his chair and started home, having decided to tell his wife the whole miserable truth.

"Mary," he said, when they had finished dinner, "there is something I must tell you."

Mrs. Stephenson looked at him in half-alarm.

"You know the Filson oil leases?"

"Yes, I know," she answered eagerly.

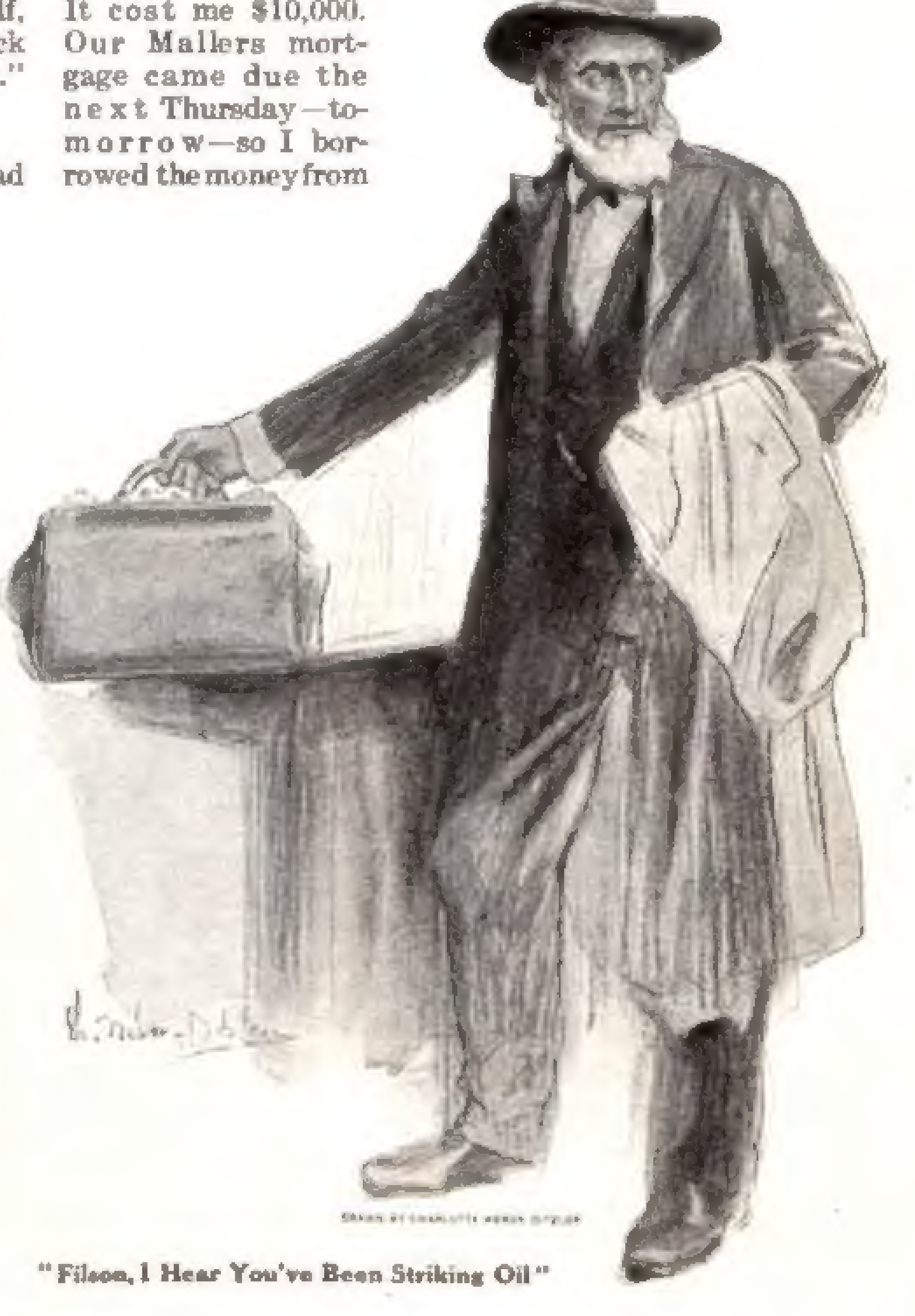
"And the Mallers mortgage?"

"Yes."

"Mallers has run away and swindled everybody."

"And we've lost our money?"

"Yes, I'm afraid the money is gone. You see"—he hesitated a moment, then squared his shoulders and went straight on—"I bought a half-interest in the Filson leases. It cost me $10,000. Our Mallers mortgage came due the next Thursday—to-morrow—so I borrowed the money from



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE WEBER DITZLER

"Filson, I Hear You've Been Striking Oil" the bank and gave the mortgage as security. Now Mallers has run away, and I ——"

"John," gasped his wife, rising to her feet, "you—you haven't done anything dishonest?"

"Sit down, Mary," he answered her. "Now, listen. Filson had to have ten thousand to make final payment on his options. I knew our mortgage was coming due to-day. And I knew those oil leases would pay a big profit. So I took the money from the bank. Now I can't put it back."

"But that isn't dishonest!"

"It wasn't meant to be. But everything depends on how Forsyth looks at it. He'll be home to-morrow."

"Then"—Mrs. Stephenson hesitated breathlessly—"he might say—you might be ——"

"Yes," her husband interrupted with a bitter smile, "you might as well say it. I may be arrested when Forsyth gets home."

"Oh, John," cried his wife, throwing her arms about his neck, "it's all my fault!"

III

JOHN STEPHENSON did not sleep until early Thursday morning. Then, after lying in a troubled doze for a couple of hours, he was awakened by the sound of his wife's suppressed sobbing in the next room. He went in to her, and she turned a haggard face toward him and stretched out her arms.

"Oh, John," she cried, "I can't bear it! Isn't there something we can do? It's all my fault!"

At the sight of her tears a feeling of helpless anger took hold of him. He had no thought but to take the responsibility of his own acts on his own shoulders. Yet, in his inmost mind he knew that, to a certain extent, she was right. But for her sharp spur to his ambition he would not have meddled with Filson's oil leases. And the presence of a weeping woman would add immensely to the difficulties of the situation he had to face.

"Molly," he said, almost roughly, "I'm not a baby. I went into this deal because I wanted to, and I'll get out of it, too. But there's just one thing you must do for me. You must go up to Chicago this morning and stay with your sister until I've got it fixed up."

In spite of her protests, Stephenson insisted on his wife's taking the early train for Chicago. From the station he went directly to the bank. His first customer was one of the men who had withdrawn his account the day before.

"The wife and I talked it over last night," he said, "and we decided to put our money back. She laughed at me for getting scared."

Stephenson received the deposit of $2000, feeling like a hypocrite as he did so.

"She said everybody knew John Stephenson was as square as a die," the man went on. "Nothing like standing in with the ladies, eh, John?"

All morning men kept coming in to re-deposit the money they had drawn out. The panic of the previous day had changed, without any apparent reason, into a feeling of renewed confidence. The bank was safe. Now, if there were only some way of saving himself from exposure!

The desperate thought of appealing to Filson came into his mind. But the promoter was on a train somewhere between Chicago and New York. Besides, he was in no position to ask a financial favor from a man of whose necessities he had just taken advantage. There was nothing—absolutely nothing—to do but to wait for the coming of Forsyth.

The sound of the engine bell as a train pulled into the station made him realize that he would not have to wait long. He glanced up at the clock. It was eleven forty-five, the hour when the train from Chicago was due. It would be all over in a few minutes now. He would be branded as a defaulter or, at best, turned out of the bank penniless, to begin life over again with a black stain on his record. He walked over to the side window and looked down the street leading to the station. He saw the village hack coming swiftly toward the bank.

"The old man must be in a terrible hurry to spend a quarter that way," he said to himself bitterly. "Anyhow, he'll be glad to find the panic's over."

A great pity for himself filled Stephenson as he watched the oncoming hack. Plenty of men had taken longer chances than he and had won out. It was a terrible, a cruelly unfair, thing that he, whose intentions had been entirely honest, should be caught like a rat in this way.

The hack stopped at the curb in front of the bank, the door flew open and out jumped—Filson!

"I thought you were in New York," said Stephenson, forcing himself to be calm.

"I did expect to be," answered the smiling Filson. "There didn't seem to be a chance of selling any of our stock in Chicago. But Tuesday evening at the club I met a broker, who asked quotations on a good block."

"'I'll let you have 250 shares at a hundred and fifty,'" I told him by way of a joke.

"'Done,' he said, without a moment's hesitation. 'I'll give you my check now and have it certified in the morning.' So there was nothing to do but let him have it. That gives us our money back and a profit of nearly nine thousand apiece. Here's your share."

The promoter handed Stephenson a New York draft for $18,750 and the cashier looked at it with staring eyes. The revulsion of feeling almost upset him. Further explanations were prevented by the entrance of President Forsyth, who came in panting.

"Not a word to the old man," Stephenson said in a quick whisper.

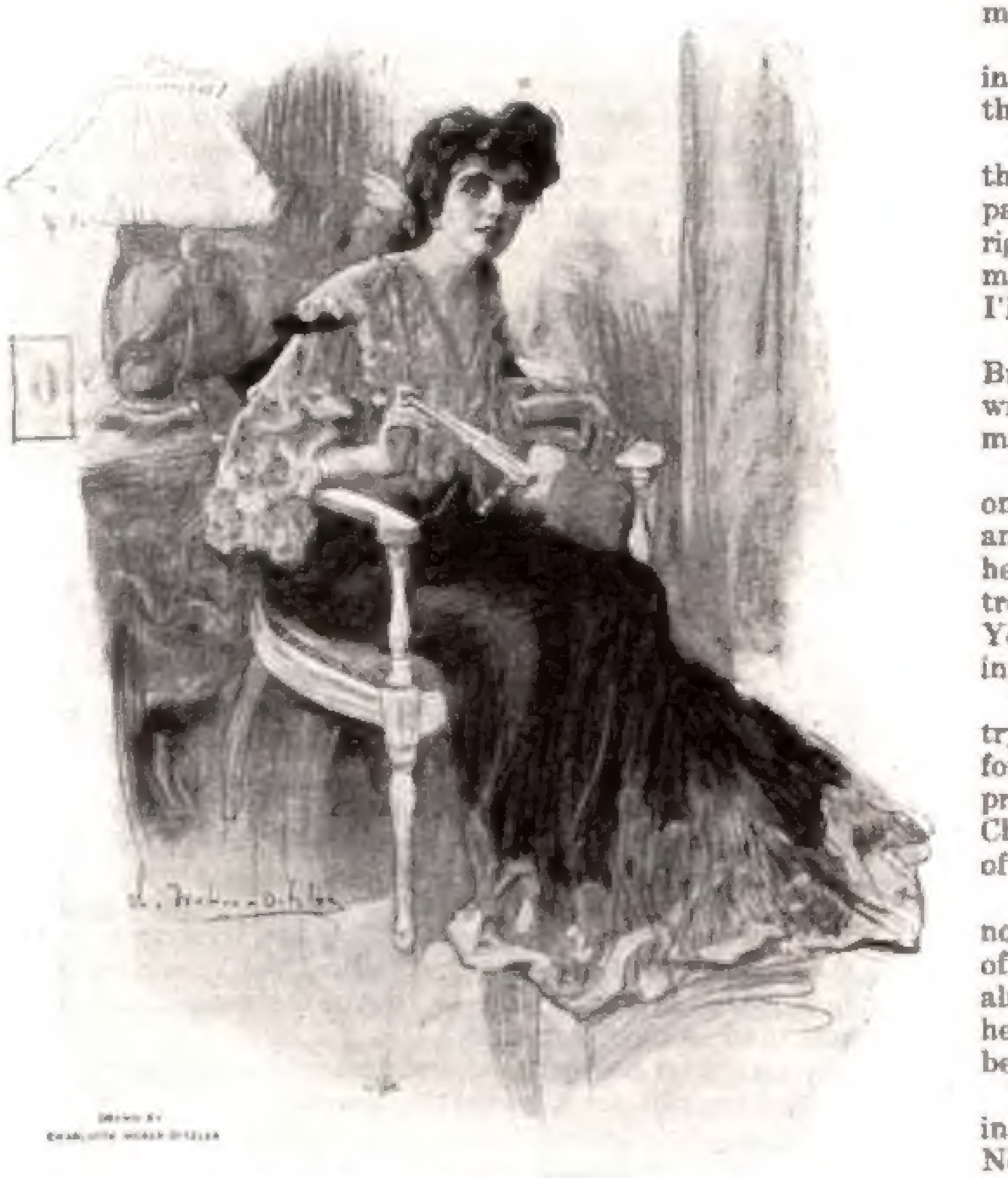
"Well, John," gasped Forsyth, "boys giving you any trouble about Mallers running away?"

"They got after us yesterday," answered the cashier, "but pretty nearly everybody's put his money back this morning."

"That's good. I brought down ten thousand in this satchel for fear of a run. Let's see, you had your own savings loaned out to Mallers, didn't you, John?"

"Yes, I don't know whether my mortgage is any good or not."

"Well, that's too bad. Filson," the old banker went on, turning suddenly to the promoter, with a cunning smile on his face, "I hear you've been striking oil and gas and all sorts of things since I went to Chicago."



With Her Dainty, Feminine Ways and Her Quick, Unquestioning Admiration

"We think we've got a pretty good thing, Mr. Forsyth," Filson answered.

"Sold any stock yet?"

"Yes, we let a block go at one-fifty in Chicago the other day."

"Heh!" snorted Forsyth. "All the suckers don't live in the country, do they?"

Davis, superintendent of the drilling crew, burst open the door of the bank and rushed in, his clothes black and greasy with crude petroleum.

"Good thing you're here, Mr. Filson!" he cried excitedly. "We blew out number two this morning, and she's a spouter."

The three men inside the counter sprang to their feet.

"Good!" exclaimed Filson. "What do you think about the suckers now, Forsyth?"

"Well, I think it's too bad that Austin ain't going to get any of all this money; don't you, John?"

Stephenson laughed uneasily. How did the old banker happen to know so much about what had happened during his absence? His apprehensions were relieved by Forsyth's announcement that he was going home to dinner.

"It's opening up even bigger than I hoped, Stephenson," the promoter began, as the old man went out. "With two gushers running already, we want to enlarge our plans."

After an hour's discussion it was agreed that Filson should go on to New York and there arrange for the incorporation of a new company, with capital stock increased to $500,000, to which the stockholders in the old company should have the right to subscribe in proportion to their holdings. It was also arranged, at Filson's suggestion, that the promoter should take with him to New York a power of attorney to vote Stephenson's stock.

That evening Stephenson sent a telegram to his wife in Chicago. "Money replaced," he wrote. "No trouble. Will come up on Saturday."

IV

EARLY Saturday morning, Davis, the superintendent, again dripping with the greenish ooze of crude petroleum, came rushing into the bank to report that number three well had turned out a bigger oiler than either of the others.

"I don't know what to do with the stuff," he said. "The big tank's full and the only offer we've got is forty cents a barrel from the Atlas people. They've stopped everybody else from bidding."

Stephenson wired his wife that business kept him from coming to Chicago, and went out to look over the oil wells in person. In the midst of the cornfields groups of tents and board shanties were springing up, in which hard-faced strangers were opening saloons, gambling games and brokers' offices. Half the masculine population of Austin, it seemed to him, was already on the ground. Staid business men, stricken with the fever of speculation, were mortgaging their homes and stores and putting the money into outlying leases at extravagant prices.

Early the next week came a letter from Filson in New York. He had completed arrangements for the organization of the new company.

"You and I each have the right to subscribe for thirty-seven and a half per cent. of the stock at par," he wrote, "and, already, we could sell our rights at a big premium. But don't make arrangements with anybody until you hear from me further. I'll have something interesting to report soon."

A few days later Stephenson got a letter from Bronson, a New York broker, to whom he had written for advice. He and Bronson had been classmates at a little fresh-water college in Indiana.

"Your man, Filson, is trying to put up a job on you," Bronson wrote. "He's moving heaven and earth in an effort to get hold of that stock he sold in Chicago. Then he'll sell out the control of the company and leave you holding the bag. You'd better come down here and look after your interests."

That letter made the situation clear. Filson was trying to get even with Stephenson for having forced him to sell a half-interest for $10,000. The promoter's visit to Austin, after selling the stock in Chicago, had been merely a pretext to get the power of attorney to vote his partner's stock.

As Stephenson came to these conclusions he felt no resentment toward Filson. It was simply part of the great game, the fascination of which was already stirring his sluggish nature. He closed his heavy lips in a grim line, determined to get the better of the promoter at any cost.

If he only knew who had bought those shares in Chicago! But, at any rate, he must get down to New York at once. And he lost no time in telling old Forsyth his decision. He waited until there were no customers in the bank. Then he turned to speak. But Forsyth had evidently been waiting for the same opportunity.

"John," said the old banker, "do you know anybody who owns stock in Filson's company?"

"I suppose he holds most of it himself," Stephenson answered quickly. "Then there's that Chicago man."

"John," Forsyth went on, edging his chair closer, "that Chicago man was me. I had my broker buy me 250 shares on the strength of what I knew. That gives me the right to subscribe for $125,000 stock in his new company."

"Well?"

"The Atlas people'll pay three hundred per cent. premium for a controlling interest in the new company. I thought you might know where I could get hold of another block—being in with Filson as you are."

"I got word from New York this morning that there was a chance to make some money in that stock," Stephenson answered, concealing his exultation. "Give me power to sell your rights for $375,000 and I'll go down there to-night. I think I can fix up a deal."

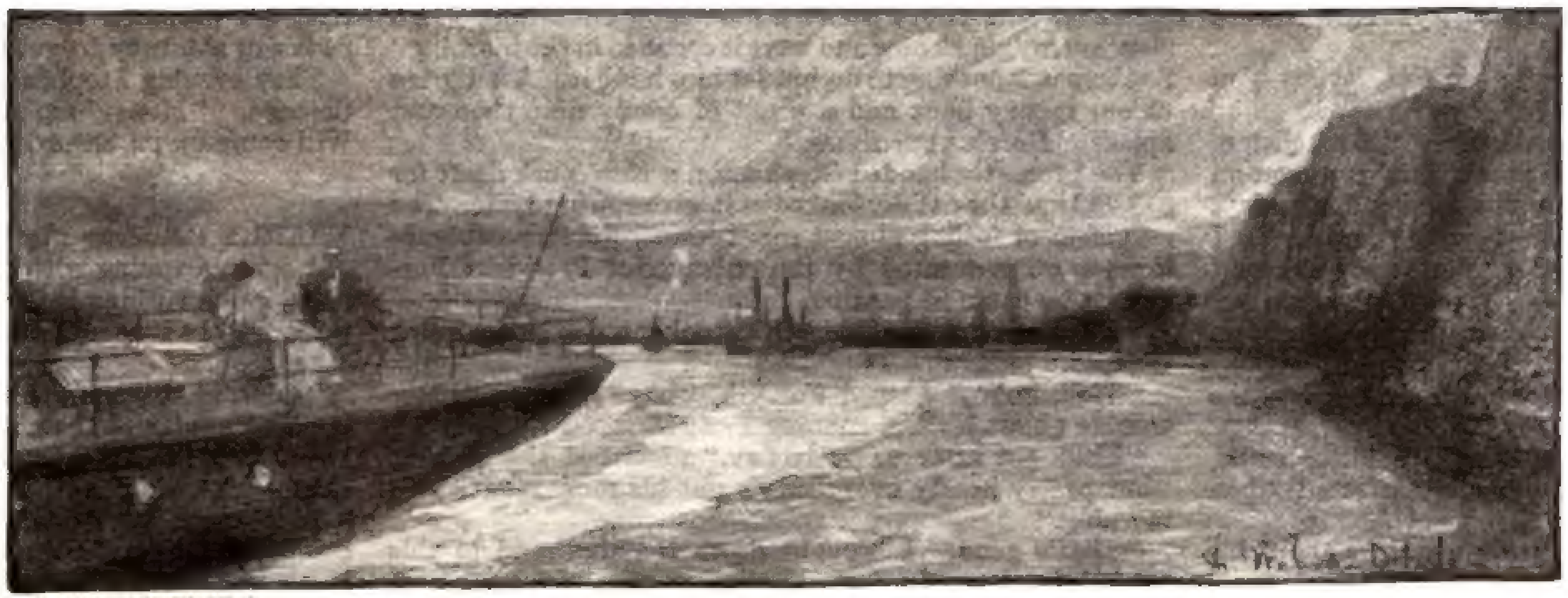
Not until he was on his way to the train did John Stephenson remember his wife in Chicago. Then he wrote her a hurried note.

"I'm going to New York to see about the oil-well deal," he wrote. "Don't know how long I'll be away. It's pretty badly tangled up. Will be very busy."

Bronson was waiting with a cab at the station in New York. "It don't look very nice," the broker began. "I'll take you right over to see my lawyer."

Charles Boyd Getty, thin, smooth-shaven, hawk-eyed, looked up from his desk as the two men were ushered into his private office.

"Well, Mr. Stephenson," the lawyer said, "Filson seems to have you in a pretty tight place. Isn't there any way



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

In a Corner of the Moonlit Deck, with the Beautiful Woman Beside Him

you can get hold of that stock he sold in Chicago? That seems to be the key to the situation."

"If you'll get my power of attorney back from Filson," Stephenson answered, "I'll look after the rest of it."

"That's a simple matter. We'll just serve written notice on him that his power of attorney is revoked. My men have him located."

A messenger left the office with the signed paper, and Getty turned to his new client curiously.

"You think you will be able to swing control of the company?" he asked.

"I hope to be able to," Stephenson replied in a tone which left no room for further inquiries. "Bronson, let's get to a hotel."

That evening Bronson and Stephenson dined together at the Waldorf. The great dining-room was gorgeous with silver, flowers and red-shaded candelabra. The broker pointed out half a dozen people whose notoriety was wide enough to make their doings good newspaper copy. There was a United States Senator whose senile decrepitude was emphasized by the presence of a be-diamonded young wife, a couple of sensational actresses, a much-married member of the smart set, with her latest husband, and, in the far corner, a group of heavy-jawed men, who were just coming into prominence as Western plungers on Wall Street. The rest of the chairs were chiefly filled by rich or curious people from the provinces, many of them stiff and awkward in their evening clothes and deeply impressed by the splendor of their surroundings.

Presently Stephenson's gaze, which had been traveling a slow and critical course about the room, fell upon the two occupants of a tiny table in a partially screened alcove. Over his face came a look of sudden, questioning admiration.

"Good eye!" laughed the keen Bronson. "I wondered if you'd pick her out."

"Well?" Stephenson smiled back at him.

"She's Mrs. Morris—the most beautiful woman in New York."

"Married, then?"

"No. A widow." Bronson chuckled at the note of unconscious regret in his friend's voice.

By shifting a trifle in his seat, Stephenson brought the high-bred profile of Mrs. Morris well within his line of vision. His eyes were pleased with the subtle air of aristocratic distinction about her. Among the garish gowns in the room, her delicate lavender toilette was in itself a patent of refinement.

Feeling curiously embarrassed, Stephenson changed the subject of conversation. For five minutes he listened while Bronson told of his experiences since their graduation.

"That her father with her?" he asked then abruptly.

Bronson again struggled with his mirth. "No. That's old Mandlebaum. He used to be her husband's partner on the Street."

"Morris was on Wall Street, then?"

"He thought he was, but, if it hadn't been for his wife, he wouldn't have lasted twenty minutes. She's a business man."

Behind a screen of palms, musicians were playing wild gipsy airs, and Stephenson sat for an hour, fascinated by the color and glitter of the scene. Suddenly the flutes and fiddles slipped into the thrilling measures of a Roumanian love-song. The half-barbaric music strangely stirred John Stephenson. He drew a long breath and threw back his broad shoulders with a gesture of unconscious power. At the same instant Mrs. Morris looked up from her table. Across the wide, crowded room their eyes met. For a flash the look lasted. Then the woman turned to speak gayly to her companion.

"Come, Bronson," said Stephenson on the moment; "let's take a walk down the avenue before we turn in."

V

GETTY, the lawyer, reported, the next afternoon, that Filson had been successfully served with a written notice revoking his power of attorney to vote Stephenson's stock.

"And now you must let me know if there's anything more we can do for you," he added.

"Thank you," Stephenson answered. "I guess there's nothing else just now."

Getty looked at him sharply. For a country banker, fresh from an Indiana village, this man showed astonishing self-reliance. The lawyer felt moved to warn him of the dangers which threaten a greenhorn in a big deal on the stock-market—most particularly a deal in which the Atlas Oil Company is interested. But something in Stephenson's manner kept him silent.

A little later Stephenson dropped into the brokerage office of Bronson & Co., and the senior member of the firm had interesting news for his friend.

"The Atlas people have you spotted, John," he said. "They want to meet you and size you up. Colonel Thompson, one of their crowd, is going to take a party up the Hudson on his yacht this evening, and I'm asked to take you along. Of course, I'm not supposed to put you wise to the scheme."

"I'll be glad of the chance," Stephenson answered readily.

When Bronson and the man from Indiana boarded the Sea Shell they found themselves the centre of a gay party. Half an hour later, while Stephenson and his host were still subjecting each other to a cautious, but critical, scrutiny, dinner was announced.

"I've a surprise for you, John," Bronson broke in. "You're to take down Mrs. Morris."

Stephenson straightened his shoulders. This was a complication he had not expected. He bowed a little stiffly as Bronson presented him. The memory of the way he had stared at Mrs. Morris across the hotel dining-room embarrassed him. But she was quick to put him at his ease.

"I saw you at the Waldorf last night, Mr. Stephenson," she said, "and I knew you were from the West at a glance."

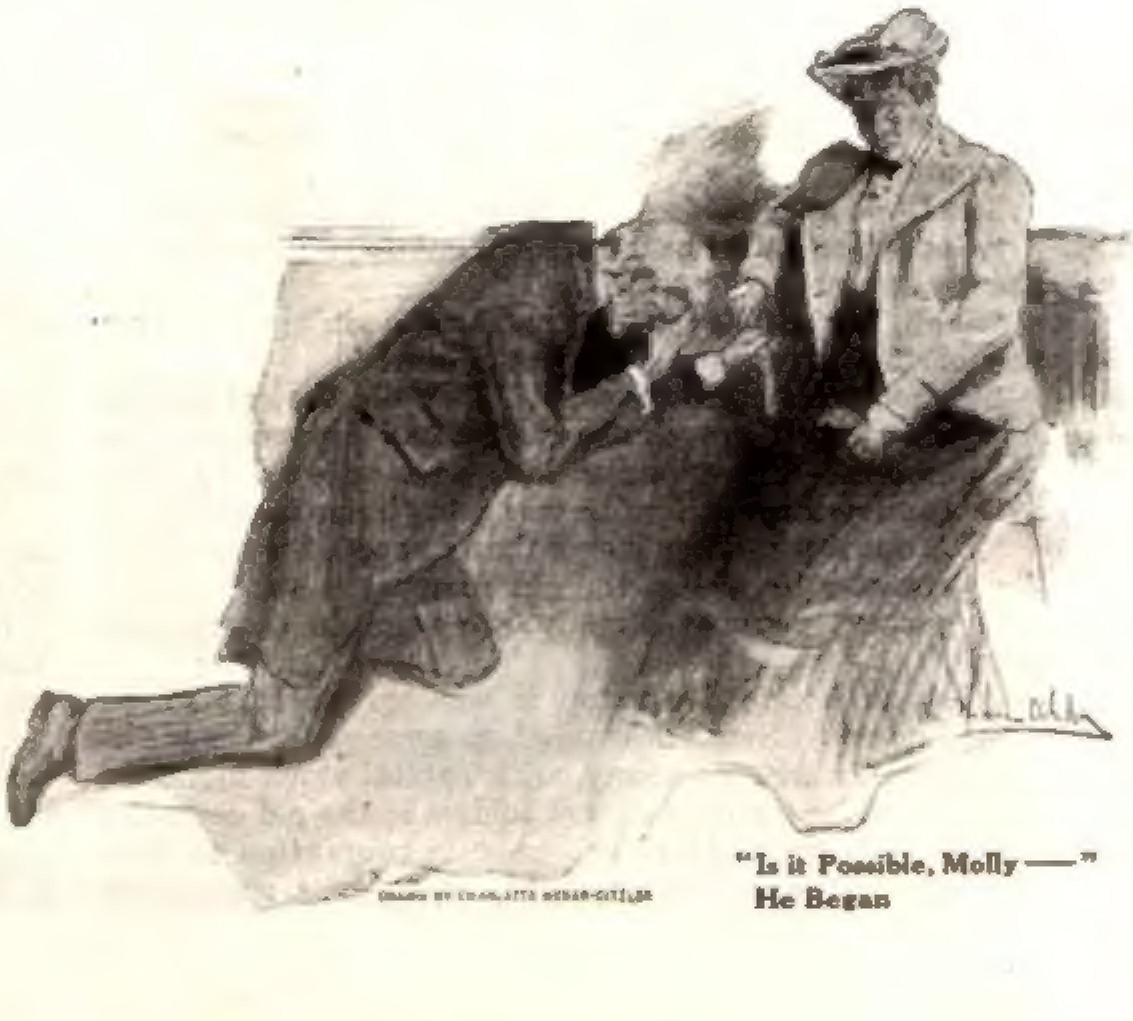
"Hoosier written all over me?"

Mrs. Morris smiled appreciatively. "There's something strong and out-of-doors about all you Western men," she went on. "I like the type. Our New York men are well-dressed little manikins—all out of the same box. One gets tired of their sameness."

After dinner Stephenson found himself sitting in a corner of the moonlit deck, with the beautiful woman beside him. Most of the party were gathered about the piano in the cabin or sitting in a group far aft. Her voice, her manner, everything about her was sympathetic and stimulating.

"You men from the West are making a great figure in Wall Street," she said presently. "Jim Hill looms like a giant among our pygmies. Then, see what the Moores have done! You have a vitality, a force, against which Easterners seem powerless."

The yacht was slipping through the dark water under the shadow of the Palisades. As if from a long distance came the soft sound of singing in the cabin. A pleasant feeling of isolation possessed John Stephenson. He looked at Mrs. Morris and the expression on her face in the moonlight almost compelled his confidence.



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

"Is it Possible, Molly——" He Began

"I've come down to Wall Street myself, Mrs. Morris," he began—"to be sheared."

Native caution, a suspicion he was instantly ashamed of, had stopped him. The change of feeling had showed on his face, and the woman had been quick to see it.

"I don't think you'll be sheared, Mr. Stephenson," she said quickly. "Come, let us join the others."

Stephenson, feeling uncomfortably that he had shown himself less than a gentleman, found no further opportunity to speak alone with her. Only, when the yacht was tied up again at its dock, she gave him her ungloved hand for a moment and said:

"I'm at home on Thursday afternoons, and I shall be glad to see you."

To-morrow, Stephenson thought with a thrill, was Thursday.

"Colonel Thompson would like you to call on him at his office," Bronson told Stephenson the next afternoon.

"I don't care to talk business with him," the cashier answered.

"I believe the Atlas people are prepared to pay half a million for a controlling interest," Bronson urged.

"It don't interest me. I'm going back to Indiana."

But when John Stephenson left the broker's office he went at once to the building of the Atlas Company on lower Broadway and sent his card to the president—the old man himself. Presently a clerk took him to an elevator and up to the third floor, where he was left sitting alone for ten minutes in an anteroom. Then a knob turned and the great man stood framed in the doorway of his private office.

"I presume, Mr Stephenson, you called——" he began, but the man from Indiana ventured to interrupt.

"I control sixty-two and a half per cent. of the stock of the new Independent Oil Company," he said. "I'll sell my rights for two million dollars cash."

For a flash the cold gray eyes studied him. "I'll pay just half that, provided the deal is closed this afternoon," came the answer.

"Good-day, sir," Stephenson replied, and without a further word left the office.

On the street he recalled his invitation from Mrs. Morris, and took a train at once for her house. He found her at home and alone. The shades were drawn and the small room was dimly lighted with pink-screened candles.

In the effort to make up for his unworthy suspicion of the night before, he found himself, over a cup of tea, telling her most of what had happened since. She warmed into a glow of sympathetic enthusiasm.

"That's gorgeous!" she said. "I knew you'd have the courage, the nerve, to play for big stakes."

The charm of the woman, with her dainty, feminine ways and her quick, unquestioning admiration of his masculine strength, seized John Stephenson irresistibly.

"I'm going back to Indiana to-night," he said finally, regret in his voice.

"Oh, but you'll be in New York again soon," she answered. "When the Atlas really wants a thing it'll pay what it must to get it. And I shall always be glad to see you."

Stephenson went straight through to Chicago to see his wife.

"Oh, John," she cried, when she had kissed him; "sit down and tell me all about it."

He looked at her curiously, almost as if she had been a stranger. Pitilessly he noted the wrinkles about her eyes, the gray hair at her temples.

"I wrote you that the mess about the Mallers mortgage had been straightened out," he began.

"John," she interrupted, clasping her hands tensely, "before we go any further I want to say something. It was wrong to take that money from the bank. The fact that Mr. Forsyth didn't find it out doesn't make it right. Nothing good can come of it."

"What's the use of bringing that up?" he answered with a shake of his head. "Forsyth got his money long ago. The thing that interests me now is how much I'm going to make. It's likely to be a lot," he added.

"I ought to be glad," she said, as if speaking to herself. "I've always wanted you to make money.

(Continued on Page 15)

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

More Tricks of the Trade

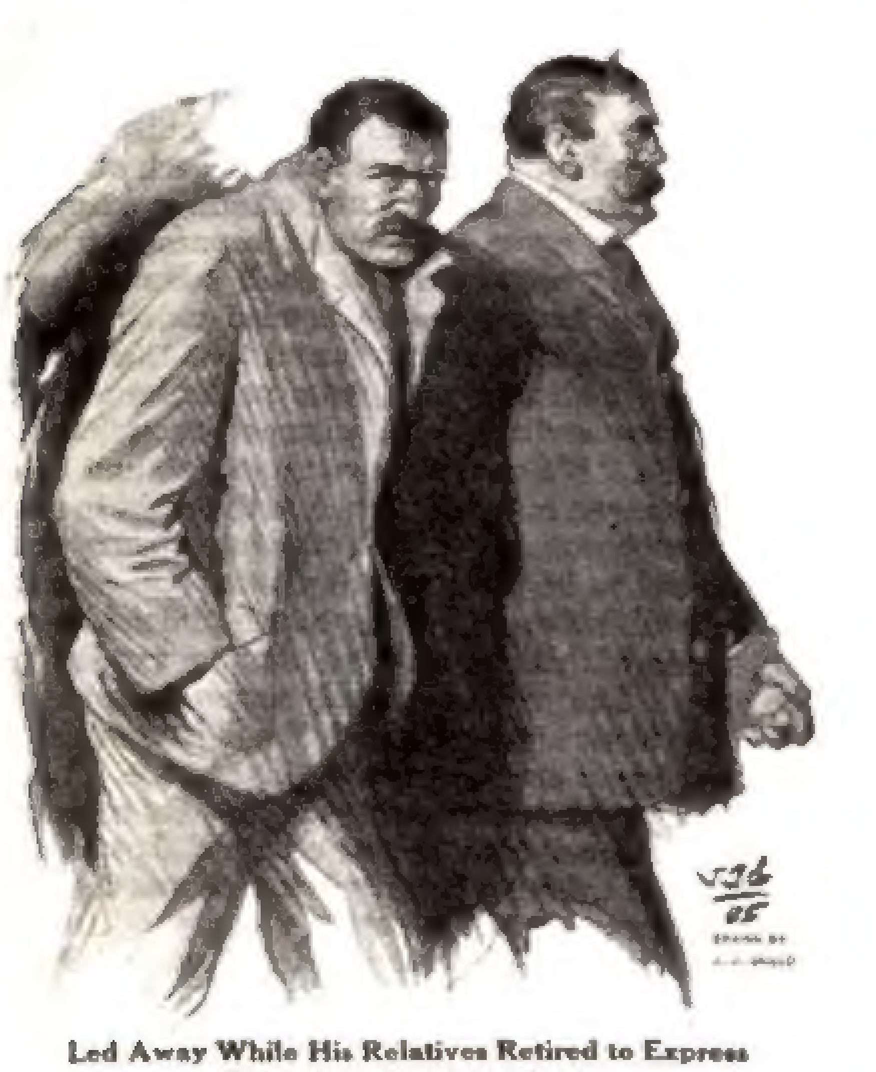
BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Author of McAllister and His Double

> *"But we know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully."*
> —*I Timothy, 1:8.*

THE tricks of the trade practiced by criminal attorneys are so many and so diversified that to describe them *in extenso* would require volumes. They are devised to avail of every technicality of criminal procedure, every weakness of jurymen, and every idiosyncrasy of judge and prosecutor. They are adapted to each separate stage of the trial and increase in boldness and ingenuity as the defendant sees the net tightening around him. In a previous article a few of the devices employed before actual trial were discussed. Let us now see what can be done when at last the prisoner who has fought persistently for adjournment has been forced to face the witnesses against him and submit the evidence to a jury of his peers. Let us assume further that he has been "out on bail," with plenty of opportunity to prepare his defense and lay his plans for escape.

When the case is finally called and the defendant takes his seat at the bar after a lapse of anywhere from six months to a year or more after his arrest, the first question for the district attorney to investigate is whether or no the person presenting himself for trial be in point of fact the individual mentioned in the indictment. This is often a difficult matter to determine. "Ringers"—particularly in the magistrates' courts—are frequent. Sometimes they appear even in the higher courts. If the defendant be an ex-convict or a well-known crook, his photograph and measurements will speedily remove all doubt upon the subject, but if he be a foreigner (particularly a Pole, Italian or a Chinaman), or even merely one of the homogeneous inhabitants of the densely-populated East Side of New York, it is sometimes a puzzling problem. "Mock Duck," the celebrated Highbinder of Chinatown, who was set free after two lengthy trials for murder, was charged not long ago with a second assassination. He was pointed out to the police by various Chinamen, arrested and brought into the Criminal Courts Building for identification, but for a long time it was a matter of uncertainty whether friends of his (masquerading as enemies) had not surrendered a substitute. Luckily the assistant who had prosecuted this wily and dangerous Celestial in the first instance was able to identify him.


Led Away While His Relatives Retired to Express Their Opinion of the Court

Many years ago, during the days of Fernando Wood, a connection of his was reputed to be the power behind the "policy" business in New York City—the predecessor of the notorious Al Adams—the "Policy King." A "runner" belonging to the system having been arrested and policy slips having been found in his possession, the reigning Policy King retained a lawyer of eminent respectability to see what could be done about it. The defendant was a particularly valuable man in the business and one for whom his employer desired to do everything in his power. The lawyer advised the defendant to plead guilty, provided the judge could be induced to let him off with a fine, which the Policy King agreed to pay. Accordingly, the lawyer visited the judge in his chambers and the latter practically promised to inflict only a fine in case the defendant, whom we will call, out of consideration for his memory, "Johnny Dough," should plead guilty. Unfortunately for this very satisfactory arrangement, the judge, now long since deceased, was afflicted with a serious mental trouble which occasionally manifested itself in peculiar losses of memory. When "Johnny Dough," the Policy King's favorite, was arraigned at the bar and, in answer to the clerk's interrogation, stated that he withdrew his plea of "not guilty" and now stood ready to plead "guilty," the judge, to the surprise and consternation of the lawyer, the defendant, and the latter's assembled friends, turned upon him and exclaimed:

"Ha! So you plead guilty, do you? Well, I sentence you to the penitentiary for one year, you miserable scoundrel!"

Utterly overwhelmed, "Johnny Dough" was led away while his lawyer and relatives retired to the corridor to express their opinion of the Court. About three months later the lawyer, who had heard nothing further concerning the case, happened to be in the office of the district attorney, when the latter looked up with a smile and inquired:

"Well, how's your client—Mr. Dough?"

"Safe on the Island, I suppose," replied the lawyer.

"Not a bit of it," returned the district attorney. "He never went there."

"What do you mean?" inquired the lawyer. "I heard him sentenced to a year myself!"

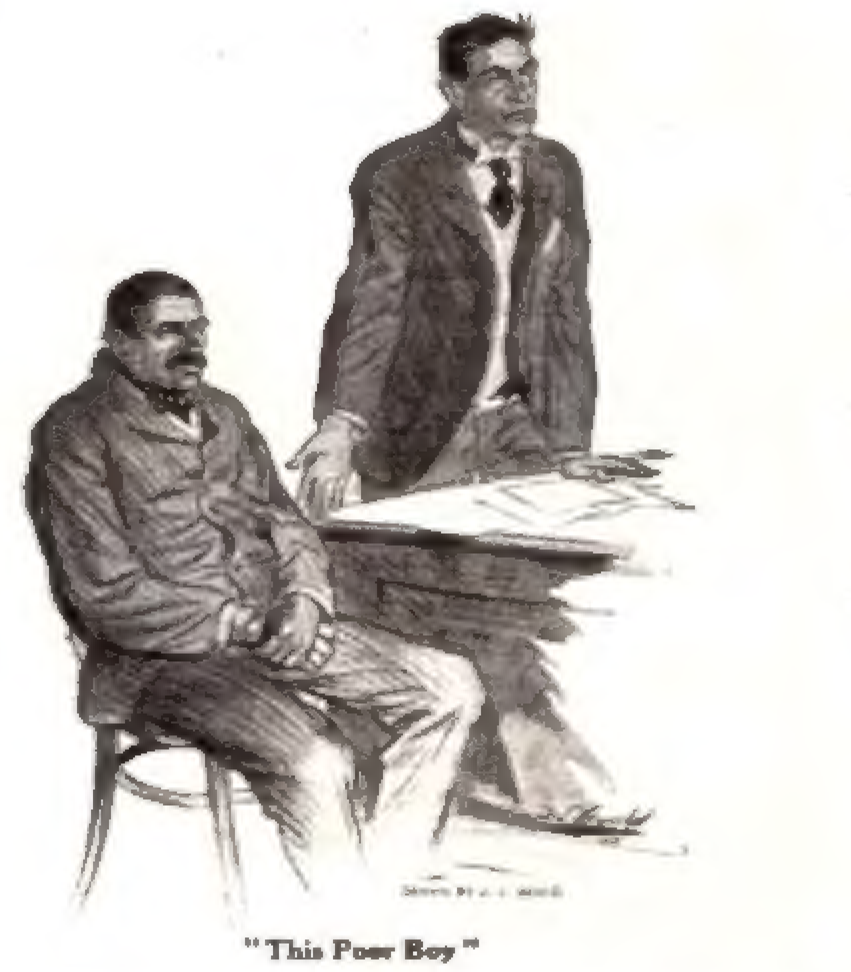
"I can't help that," said the district attorney. "The other day a workingman went down to the Island to see his old friend 'Johnny Dough.' There was only one 'Johnny Dough' on the lists, but when he was produced the visitor exclaimed: '*That* Johnny Dough! That ain't him *at all*, at all!' The visitor departed in disgust. We instituted an investigation and found that the man at the Island was a 'ringer.'"

"You don't say!" cried the lawyer.

"Yes," continued the district attorney. "But that is not the best part of it. You see, the 'ringer' says he was to get two hundred dollars per month for each month of Dough's sentence which he served. The prison authorities have refused to keep him any longer, and *now he is suing them for damages*, and is trying to get a writ of mandamus to compel them to take him back and let him serve out the rest of the sentence!"

Many another illustration could be given where similar substitutions have been successfully carried out. There is one familiar case where an innocent man served out a three-year sentence for a high municipal official at twenty-five thousand dollars per year; and another where, by "keeping still," a minor offender earned fifty thousand dollars per year during a short term as a consideration for not turning State's evidence.

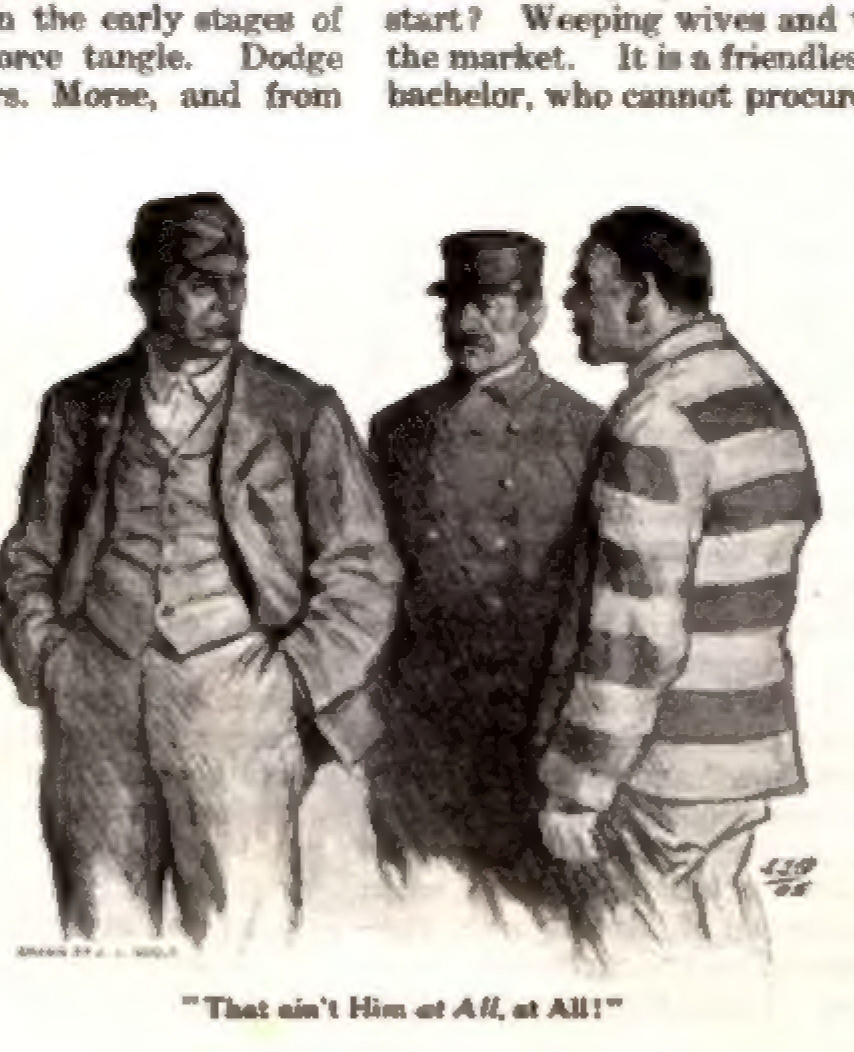
Probably the most successful instance on record of making use of a dummy occurred in the early stages of the now famous Morse-Dodge divorce tangle. Dodge had been the first husband of Mrs. Morse, and from him she had secured a divorce. A proceeding to effect the annulment of her second marriage had been begun on the ground that Dodge had never been legally served with the papers in the original divorce case—in other words, to establish the fact that she was still, in spite of her marriage to Morse, the wife of Dodge. Dodge appeared in New York and swore that he had never been served with any papers. A well-known and reputable lawyer, on the other hand, Mr. Sweetser, was prepared to swear that he had served them personally upon Dodge himself. The matter was sent by the Court to a referee. At the hour set for the hearing in the referee's office, Mr. Hummel and Mr. Steinhardt arrived early, in company with a third person, and took their seats with their backs to a window on one side of the table at the head of which sat the referee, and opposite ex-Judge Fursman, attorney for Mrs. Morse. Mr. Sweetser was late. Presently he appeared, entered the office hurriedly, bowed to the referee, apologized for being tardy, greeted Messrs. Steinhardt and Hummel, and then extended his hand to their companion, exclaiming: "How do you do, Mr. Dodge?" It was not Dodge at all, but an acquaintance of one of Howe & Hummel's office force who had been asked to accommodate them. Nothing had been said, no representations had been made, and Sweetser had voluntarily walked into a trap.


"This Poor Boy"

The attempt to induce witnesses to identify "dummies" is frequently made by both sides in criminal cases, and under certain circumstances is generally regarded as professional. Of course, in such instances no false suggestions are made, the witness himself being relied upon to "drop the fall." In case he does identify the wrong person, he has, of course, invalidated his entire testimony.

There have been occasionally daring, and sometimes successful, attempts at escape carried through in similar fashion. The poorer sort of shyster lawyers are frequently little better in appearance or dress than their clients, and confusion sometimes results as to which is the lawyer and which the defendant. There is an instance on record in the Courts of General Sessions within the last five years when a defendant walked calmly out of the court-room, not a finger being raised to stop him, and the confusion that is apt to go on at the time convicted defendants are arraigned at the bar for sentence is an opportune one for such an effort to escape.

Not in one case out of five hundred, however, is any attempt made to substitute a "dummy" for the real defendant, the reason being presumably the prejudice innocent people have against going to prison even for a large reward. The question resolves itself, therefore, into how to get the client off when he is actually on trial. First, how can the sympathies of the jury be enlisted at the very start? Weeping wives and wailing infants are a drug on the market. It is a friendless man indeed, even if he be a bachelor, who cannot procure for the purposes of his trial the services of a temporary wife and miscellaneous collection of children. Not that he need swear that they are his! They are merely lined up along a bench well to the front of the court-room—the imagination of the jurymen does the rest.


"That ain't Him at *All*, at All!"

A defendant's counsel always endeavors to impress the jury with the idea that all he wants is a fair, open trial—and that he has nothing in the world to conceal. This usually takes the form of a loud announcement that *he* is willing "to take the first twelve men who enter the box." Inasmuch as the defense needs only to secure the vote of one juryman to procure a disagreement, and as usually "two disagreements are equivalent to a verdict of not guilty" (defendants rarely being tried more than twice), this offer is a comparatively safe one for the defendant to make, since the prosecutor, who must secure unanimity on the part of the jury (at least in New York State), can afford to take no chances of letting an incompetent or otherwise unfit talesman slip into the box. Caution requires him to *examine* the jury in every important case, and frequently this ruse on the part of the defendant makes it appear as if the State had less confidence in its case than the defense. This trick was invariably used by the late William F. Howe, of Howe & Hummel, in all homicide cases where he appeared for the defense.

Frequently Little Better in Appearance than Their Clients

The next step is to slip some juryman into the box who is likely for any one of a thousand reasons to lean toward the defense—as, for example, one who is of the same religion, nationality or even name as the defendant. I once tried a case where the defendant was a Hebrew named Bauman, charged with perjury. Mr. Abraham Levy was the counsel for the defendant, and having left an associate to select the jury I returned to the court-room to find that he had chosen for his foreman a Hebrew named *Abraham Levy*. Needless to say, a disagreement of the jury was the almost inevitable result. The same lawyer not many years ago defended *a client* named Abraham Levy. In like manner he managed to get an Abraham Levy on the jury, and on that occasion succeeded in getting his client off scot-free.

No method is too far-fetched to be made use of on the chance of "catching" some stray talesman. In a case defended by Ambrose Hal. Purdy, where the deceased had been wantonly stabbed to death by a bloodthirsty Italian shortly after the assassination of President McKinley, the defense was interposed that a quarrel had arisen between the two men owing to the fact that the deceased had loudly proclaimed anarchistic doctrines and openly gloried in the death of the President, that the defendant had expostulated with him, whereupon the deceased had violently attacked the prisoner, who had killed him in self-defense.

The whole thing was so thin as to deceive nobody, but Mr. Purdy, as each talesman took the witness chair to be examined on the *voir dire*, solemnly asked each one:

"Pardon me for asking such a question at this time—it is only my duty to my unfortunate client that impels me to it—but have you *any sympathy with anarchy* or with *assassination?*"

The talesman, of course, inevitably replied in the negative.

"Thank you, sir," Purdy would continue. "In *that event* you are *entirely acceptable!*"

Lawyers frequently secure the good will of jurors (which may last throughout the trial and show itself in the verdict) by some happy remark during the early stages of the case. During the Clancy murder trial each side exhausted its thirty peremptory challenges and also the entire panel of jurors in filling the box. At this stage of the case the foreman became ill and had to be excused. No jurors were left except one who had been excused by mutual consent for some trifling reason, and who out of curiosity had remained in court. He rejoiced in the name of Stone. Both sides then agreed to accept him as foreman provided he was still willing to serve, and this proving to be the case he triumphantly made his way toward the box. As he did so, the defendant's counsel remarked: "The Stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." The good will generated by this meagre jest stood him later in excellent stead.

In default of any other defense, some criminal attorneys (incredible as it may seem) seek to excite sympathy for their helpless clients by appearing in court so intoxicated as to be manifestly unable to take care of the defendant's interests, and prisoners have frequently been acquitted simply by virtue of their lawyer's obvious incapacity. The attitude of the jury in such cases seems to be that the defendant has not had a "fair show" and so should be acquitted, anyway. Of course, this appeals to the juryman's sympathies and he overlooks the fact that by his action the prosecution is given no "show" at all. Similarly, when trying cases before juries composed of laboring men, lawyers often ape an uncouthness of dress and diction supposed to be adapted to their hearers. I once heard a well-known attorney carry this to an extreme which would seem to "out-Herod Herod."

"An' I *pray* you," he exclaimed pathetically to the jury, "*not* to lay up ag'in' this poor homeless defendant *nothin'* that *I either done or undone!*"

Generally speaking, the advice credited to Mr. Lincoln, as being given by him to a young attorney who was about to defend a presumably guilty client, is religiously followed by all criminal practitioners:

"Well, my boy, if you've got a good case, stick to the evidence; if you've got a weak one, go for the People's witnesses; but—if you've got no case at all, *hammer the district attorney!*"

As a rule, however, criminal lawyers are not of a sufficient calibre to "hammer" the prosecuting officer, but endeavor instead to suggest by innuendo or even open declaration his bias and unfairness.

"Be *fair*, Mr. ———!" is the continual cry. "Try to be *fair!*"

The defendant, whether he be an ex-convict or thirty-year-old professional thief, is always "this poor boy," and, as he is not compelled by law to testify, and as his failure to do so must not be weighed against him by the jury, he frequently walks out of court a free man, because the jury believe from the lawyer's remarks that he is in fact a mere youthful offender of hitherto good reputation and deserves another chance. When such a one is convicted and his record is repeated by the clerk in open court, the jury learns a valuable lesson in practical criminal jurisprudence.

By all odds the greatest abuse in criminal trials lies in the open disregard of professional ethics on the part of lawyers who deliberately supply of themselves, in their opening and closing addresses to the jury, what incompetent bits of evidence, true or false, they have not been able to establish by their witnesses. There is no complete cure for this, for even if the judge rebukes the lawyer and directs the jury to disregard what he has said as "not being in the evidence," the damage has been done, the statement still lingering in the jury's mind without any opportunity on the part of the prosecutor actually to disprove it. There is no antidote for such jury-poison. A shyster lawyer need but to keep his client off the stand and he can saturate the jury's mind with any facts concerning the defendant's respectability and history which his imagination is powerful enough to supply. On such occasions an ex-convict with no relatives may become a "noble fellow, who, rather than have his family name tainted by being connected with a criminal trial, is willing to risk even conviction"—"a Rough Rider"—"a veteran of the glorious war which knocked the shackles from the slave"—"the father of nine children"—"a man hounded by the police." The district attorney may shout himself hoarse, the judge may pound his gavel in righteous indignation, the lawyer may apologize that in the zeal with which he feels inspired for his client's cause he perhaps (which only makes matters worse) has *overstepped the mark*—but some juryman may suppose that, after all, the prisoner *is* a hero or nine times a father.

There is one notorious attorney who poses as a philanthropist and who invariably promises the jury that if they acquit his client he will personally give him employment. If he has kept half his promises he must by this time have several hundred clerks, gardeners, coachmen, choremen and valets.

In like manner attorneys of this feather will deliberately state to the jury that *if* the defendant had taken the stand he *would have* testified thus and so; or that if certain witnesses who have not appeared (and who perhaps in reality do not exist at all) *had* testified they would have established various facts. Such lawyers should be locked up or disbarred; courts are powerless to negative entirely their dishonesty in individual cases.

The privilege of remaining silent and not testifying in his own behalf without prejudice to his case is the greatest boon which a criminal defendant now enjoys. His real character, profession and past performances are concealed from the jury and his own version of the affair (which would usually clearly demonstrate his guilt or innocence) left in obscurity. Few sound reasons can be advanced why a defendant charged with crime should not be compelled to tell what he knows of the affair as well as the other witnesses. Surely the public would benefit by such legislation, and there is good ground for belief that the whole theory of the privilege of witnesses to decline to testify to facts because their answers "may tend to degrade or incriminate them" is founded on a purely fictitious doctrine speciously described under some such vague phrase as the "right of individual liberty and privacy." Such "rights" might well give way before the common weal.

Of course, few jurors in strict point of fact can wholly disregard the failure of a defendant to render explanation of the charge against him, tell his side of the case, and submit to cross-examination. Common-sense men cannot but ask themselves, even unconsciously: "If the man be innocent, or can explain this matter, why is he not willing to do so?"—or: "If he is not ready to take the stand must he not have something to conceal?" A trick of which skillful criminals sometimes avail themselves in order to negative this subconscious argument is to decline counsel and "stand upon their constitutional right to defend themselves." In one of the first cases in which the writer ever appeared for the prosecution, a defendant who had five convictions for felony to his discredit adopted this course. As he had no lawyer to conduct his examination in the event of his taking the stand, no juror could comment fairly upon his failure to do so. By this device he almost gained his freedom.

Clever counsel, of course, habitually make use of all sorts of appeals to sympathy and prejudice. In one case in New York in which James W. Osborne appeared as prosecutor the defendant wore a G. A. R. button. His lawyer managed to get a veteran on the jury. Mr. Osborne is a native of North Carolina. The defendant's counsel, to use his own words, "worked the war for all it was worth and the defendant lived, bled and died for his country over and over again. In summing up the case, the attorney addressed himself particularly to the veteran on the back row, and, after referring to numerous imaginary engagements, exclaimed: "Why, gentlemen, my client was pouring out his life blood upon the field of battle when the ancestors of Mr. Osborne were raising their hands against the flag!" For once Mr. Osborne had no adequate words to reply.

By far the most effective and dangerous "trick" employed by guilty defendants is the deliberate shouldering of the entire blame by one of two persons who are indicted together for a single offense. A common example of this is where two men are caught at the same time bearing away between them the spoil of their crime and are jointly indicted for "criminally receiving stolen property." Both, probably, are "side partners," equally guilty, and have burglarized some house or store in each other's company. They may be old pals and often have served time together. They agree to demand separate trials, and that whoever is convicted first shall assume the entire responsibility. Accordingly, A. is tried and, in spite of his asseveration that he is innocent and that the "stuff" was given him by a strange man, who paid him a dollar to transport it to a certain place, is properly convicted. The bargain holds. B's case is moved for trial, and he claims never to have seen A. in his life before the night in question, and that he volunteered to help the latter carry a bundle which seemed to be too heavy for him. He calls A. who testifies that this is so—that B., whom he did not know from Adam, tendered his services and that he availed himself of the offer. The jury are usually prone to acquit, as the weight of evidence is clearly with the defendant.

Many changes are rung upon this device. The most famous is that of a man who was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be executed. It was a case of circumstantial evidence and the verdict was the result of hours of deliberation on the part of the jury. The prisoner had stoutly denied knowing anything of the homicide. Shortly before the date set for the execution, another man turned up who admitted that he had committed the crime and made the fullest sort of a confession. A new trial was thereupon granted by the Appellate Court, and the convict, on the application of the prosecuting attorney, was discharged and quickly made himself scarce. It then

(Concluded on Page 24)

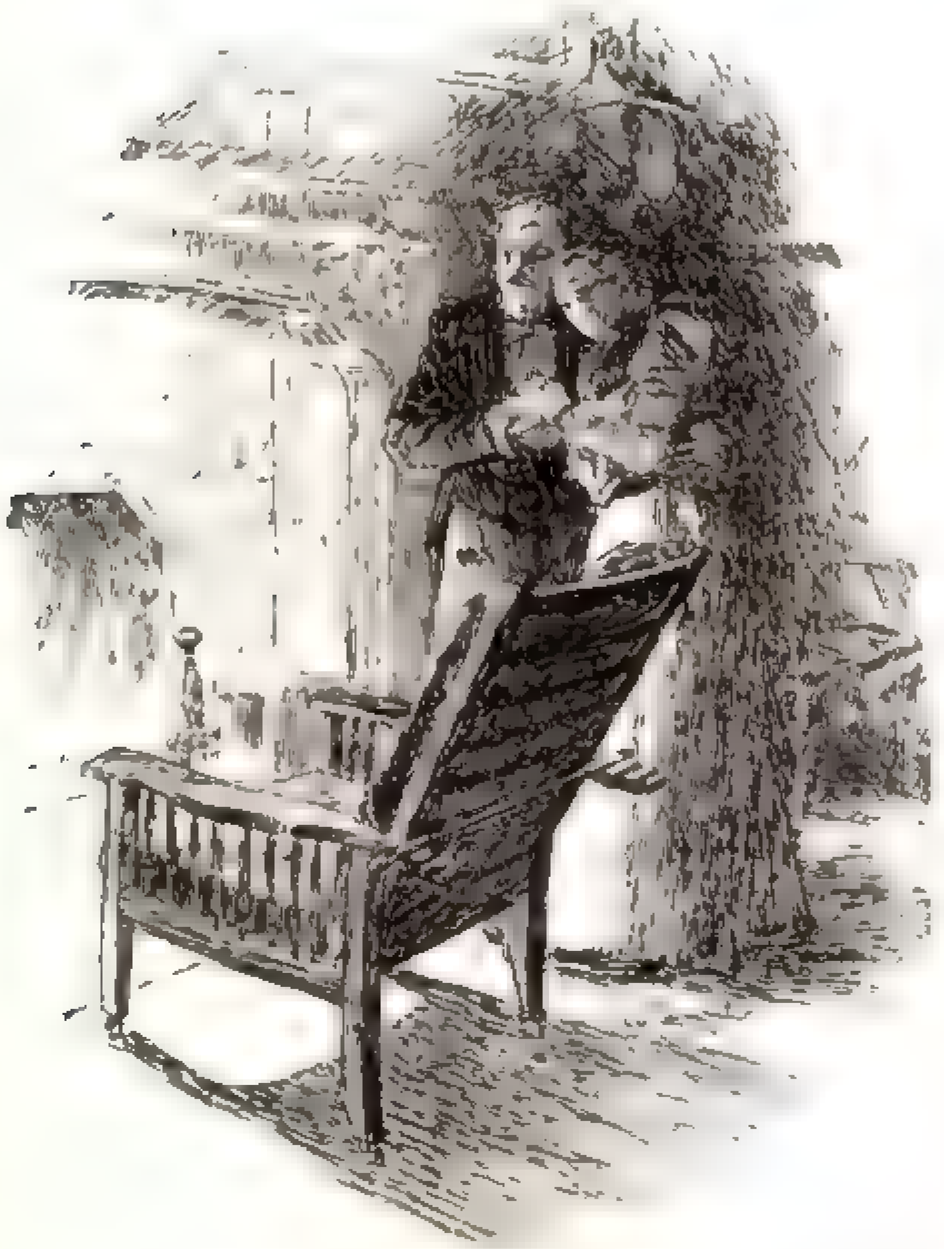
He had Chosen for His Foreman a Hebrew Named *Abraham Levy*

The Tremolo Stop

By William Allen White

OUR business has changed greatly since Horace Greeley's day. And, although machines have come into little offices like ours, the greatest changes have come in the men who do the work in these offices. In the old days—the days before the great war and after it—printers and editors were rarely leading citizens in the community. The editor and the printer were just coming out of the wandering minstrel stage of social development, and the journeyman who went from town to town seeking work, and increasing his skill, was an important factor in the craft. One might always depend upon a tramp printer coming in when there was a rush of work in the office, and also figure on one of the tourists in the office leaving when he was needed most.

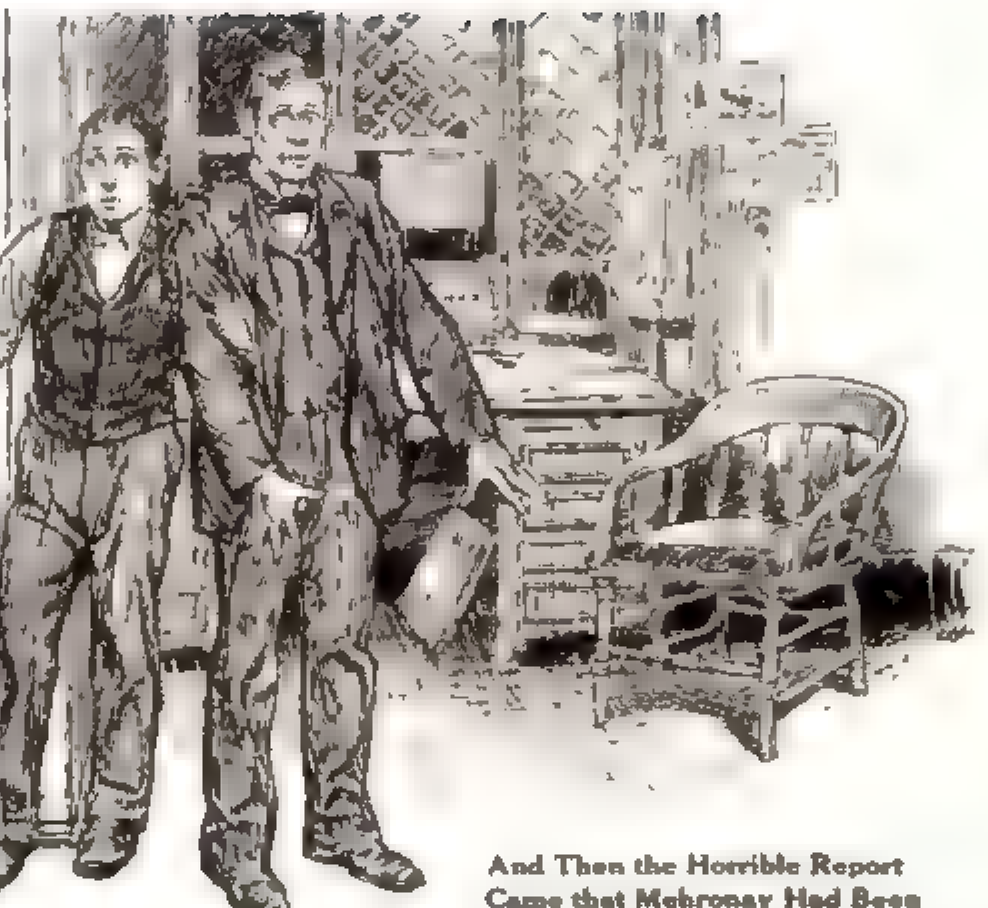
From the ranks of this wayward class came the old editors and reporters; they were post-graduates from the back room of newspaper offices and they brought to the front room their easy view of life. Some of these itinerant writing craftsmen had professional fame. There was Peter B. Lee, who had tramped the country over, who knew Greeley and Dana and Prentice and Bob Burdett and Henry Watterson, and to whom the cub in country offices looked with worshipful eyes. There was "Old Slugs"—the printer who carried his moulds for making lead slugs, and who, under the influence of improper stimulants, could recite stirring scenes from the tragedies of Shakespeare. And there was Buzby—old Buzby, who went about from office to office leaving his obituary set up by his own hand, conveying the impression that the end had at last come to a misspent life. Then there was J. N. Free—the "Immortal J. N.," as he called himself, a gaunt, cadaverous figure in broad hat and linen duster, with hair flowing over his shoulders, who stalked into the offices at unseemly hours to "raise the veil" of ignorance and error, and "relieve the pressure" of psychic congestion in a town by turning upon it the batteries of his mind.



"Sweeter than Dreams of a Honeymoon"

They were a dear lot of old souls—out of accord with the world about them, ever seeking the place where they would harmonize. They might have stepped out of Dickens' books or Cruikshank's pictures, and when one recalls them now their lineaments seem out of drawing and impossible in the modern world. And yet they did live and move in the world that was, and the other day when we were looking over the files we came across the work of Simon Mehronay—the name which he said was spelled Dutch and sounded Irish—and it does not seem fair to set down the stories of the others who have made our office traditions without giving some account of him.

For to us he was the most precious of all the old tribe of journalistic aboriginees. He came to the office one bright April day with red mud on his shoes that was not the mud of our river-bottoms, and we knew he had ridden to town "blind baggage"—as they say of men who steal their way—from the South. The season was ripe for the birds to come North and it was the mud of Texas that clung to him. His greeting as he strode through the front room, not waiting for a reply, was "How's work?" And when the foreman told him to hang up his coat he found a stick, got a "chunk of copy," and was clicking away at his case three minutes from the time he darkened the threshold of the office.



And Then the Horrible Report Came that Mehronay Had Been Seen Walking with a Woman

There he sat for two weeks—the first man down in the morning and the last to quit at night—before any one knew whence he came or whither he was bound. He had a little "false motion," the foreman said, and clattered his types too audibly in the steel stick, but as he got up a good string of type at the end of the day and furnished his own chewing tobacco, he created no unfavorable comment in the office. He was a little man, with a fringe of hair above the greasy velvet collar of his coat, with beady, dancing black eyes, and a mustache that often needed dyeing. It was the opinion of the foreman and the printers that Mehronay's weakness was liquor, though that opinion did not arise from anything he said. For during the first two weeks we did not hear him say much, but, in the years that followed, his mild little voice, that ever seemed to be teetering on the edge of the laugh into which he fell a score of times during an hour, became a familiar sound about the office, and the soft, flabby little hand which the other printers laughed about, during the first week of his employment in the shop, has rested on most of the shoulders in the shop guiding us through many sad ways.

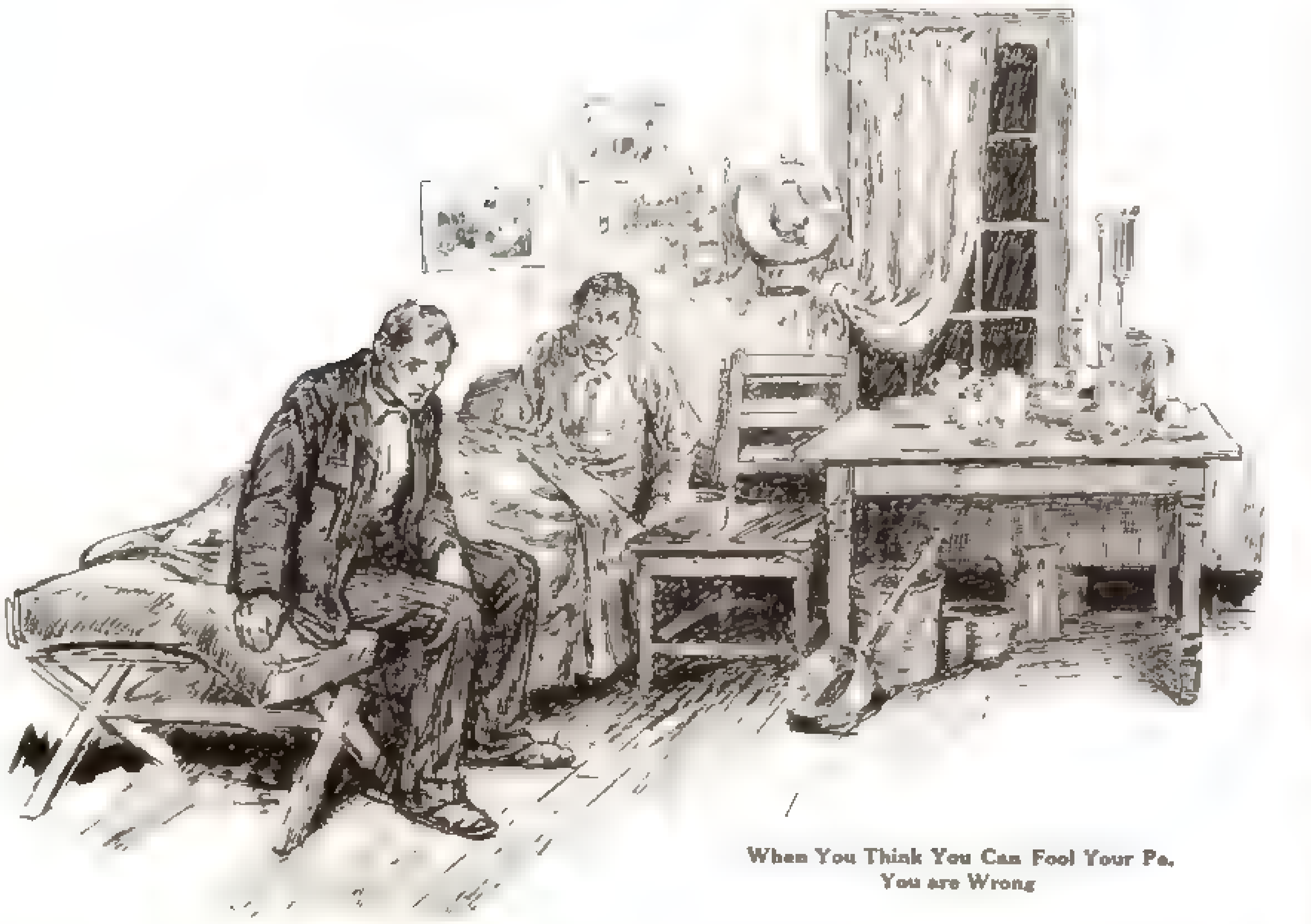
In those days there were only three of us in the front room, and all the bookkeeping and collecting and reporting and editorial writing was done by the three, and it happened that one morning near the first of the month, when the books needed attention, no one had heard the performance of Hamlet by Thomas Keene at the opera house the night before, and no one about the paper could write it up. Wherefore there was perturbation; but in an hour this came from the back room set up in type and proved in the galley:

> "There were more clean shaves in town last night than have been seen here for a long time. Every one who wears cuffs and a necktie got a 'twice-over' and was 'out amongst 'em.' In the gallery of the opera house roosted the college faculty and the Potter boy, who holds the Cottonwood Valley belt as the champion lay-down collar swell, and near him was Everett Fowler, who made his first public appearance in his new parted spring whiskers, and was the observed of all observers. Colonel Alphabetical Morrison, with his famous U-shaped hair-cut, lent the grace of his presence to the dress circle. The first Methodist Church was represented by brother-in-law John Markley, who is wearing a new flowered necktie, sent by his daughter in California (if you must know), and General Durham of the Statesman says that when the orchestra played Turkey in the Straw, and Bill Master began to shake the sand box—which is a new wrinkle in musical circles in our town—John Markley's feet began to wiggle until people thought this was his 'chill day.' After Turkey in the Straw, the orchestra struck up something quick and devilish, which Charley Hedrick, who played the snare drum at Gettysburg, and is therefore entitled to speak on musical subjects, says was The Irish Washerwoman, and after this appropriate overture the curtain rose and the real show began.
>
> "Mr. Keene's Hamlet is not so familiar to our people as his Richard III, but it gave great satisfaction; for it is certainly a Methodist Hamlet from the clang of the gong to the home-stretch. The town never has stood for Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Unitarian Hamlet, and the high-church Episcopal Hamlet put on the boards last winter by Mr. Frederick Paulding was distinctly disappointing. One of the most searching scenes in the play was put on when Ophelia got the power and had to be carried out to the pump. The Chicago brother who plays the ghost has a great voice for his work. He brought many souls to a realizing sense that they are sin-stricken and hair-hung over the fiery pit. The groans and amens from the sanctified in the audience was a delicate compliment to his histrionic ability. The queen seems to have been a Presbyterian, and the king a Second Day Adventist of an argumentative type, and they were not popular with the audience, but the boy preacher, who did Laertes, was exceedingly blessed with the gift of tongues. Brother Polonius seems to have been a sort of presiding elder, and, when his exhortation rose, the chickens in Mike Weesner's coop, in the meat-market downstairs, gave up hope of life and lay down to be cut up and fried for breakfast. The performance was a great treat, and barring the fact that some switchmen, thinking Ophelia was full, giggled during the mad scene, and the further fact that some one yelled, "Go for his wind, Ham!" during the fencing scene, the evening with Shakespeare's weirdest hero was a distinct credit to Mr. Keene, his company and our people."

We wrote a conventional report of the performance, and printed Mehronay's account below it, under the caption FROM ANOTHER REPORTER, and it made the paper talked about for a week. For Keene was a histrionic god in town of the first order, and so many church people came to the office to "stop the paper" that circulation had a real impetus. We have never had a boom in subscription that did not begin with a lot of angry citizens coming in to stop the paper. It became known about town who wrote the Keene article, and Mehronay began in a small way to be a public character. We encouraged him to write more, so every morning the first proof slips that came in began to have on them ten or a dozen short items of Mehronay's writing. There was a smile in every one of them, and if he wrote more than ten lines there was a laugh. It was Mehronay who referred to Huddleson's livery-stable joint—where the old soaks got their beer in a stall and salted it from the feed-box—as "a gilded palace of sin." It was Mehronay who wrote the advertisement of the Chinese laundryman and signed his name "Fat Sam Child of the Sun, Brother of the Moon and Second Cousin by marriage to all the Stars." It was Mehronay who took a galley of pi which the office devil had set up from a wrecked form, and interspersed up and down the column of meaningless letters "Great applause"—"Tremendous cheering"—Cries of "Good, good!—that's the way to hit 'em!"—"Hurrah for Hancock"—and ran it in the paper as a report of Carl Schurz's speech to the German-American league at the court-house. It was Mehronay who put the advertisement in the paper proclaiming the fact that General Durham of the Statesman office desired to purchase a good second-hand fiddle, and explaining that the owner must play five tunes on it in front of the Statesman office door before bringing it in. Mehronay originated the fiction that there was an association in town formed to insure its members against wedding invitations which, in case of loss, paid the afflicted member a pickle dish or a napkin ring, to present as his offering to the bride.

Got a "Chunk of Copy"

Mehronay started a mythical Widowers' Protective Foot-racing Society, and the town had great sport with the old boys whose names he used so wittily that it transcended impudence. Mehronay got up a long list of husbands who wiped dishes when the family was "out of a girl," as our people say, and organized them into a union to strike for their altars and their kitchen fires. When we sent him out to write up a fire, however, he generally forgot the amount of insurance and the extent of the loss, but he told all about the way the crowd tried to boss the fire department; and if we sent him out to gather the local markets he made such a mess of it that we were a week straightening matters up. Figures didn't mean anything to him. When the bank failed he tried to write something about it, but he got the assets and the liabilities so hopelessly mixed that we had to keep him busy with other things, so that he had no time to touch the bank story. They used to say around town that when he laid down a piece of money, however large, on a store counter he never waited for his change, but be it said to the credit of most of the merchants that they would save the change for Mehronay, and give it to him on his next visit to the store, when he would be as joyful as a child.


When You Think You Can Fool Your Pa, You are Wrong

And so gradually he left the back room and became a fixture in the front office. He wrote locals and editorials and helped with the advertising, drawing for this the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week, which should have kept him like a prince; but it did not—though what he did with his money no one knew. For he bought no new clothes, and never buttoned those he had. Before sending him out 'on the street in the morning some one in the office had to button him up, and if it was a gala day—say circus day, or the day of a big political powwow—we had to put a clean paper collar on Mehronay above his brown wool shirt and shove out the dents in his derby hat—a procedure which he called "making a butterfly of fashion out of an honest workin'-man." He slept in the press-room, on a bed which he rolled up and stowed behind the press by day, and of evenings he consorted with the goddess of nicotine—as he called his plug tobacco—and put in his time at his desk with his lead-pencil and his pad of white paper writing copy for the next day's issue. Nothing delighted him so much as a fictitious personage or situation which held real relations with local events or home people. One of the best of his many inventions was a new reporter who, according to Mehronay's legend, had just quit work for a circus where he had been employed writing the posters. Mehronay's joy was to write up a local occurrence and pretend that the circus poster-writer had written it, and that we had been greatly bothered to restrain his adjectives. A few days after the Sinclair-Rushman wedding—a particularly gorgeous affair in one of the stone churches which had been written up by the bride's mother, as the whole town knew, in a most disgusting manner—Mehronay sat chuckling in his corner, writing something which he put on the copy-hook before going out on his beat. It was headed A DAZZLING AFFAIR. And it ran thus:

"For some time we have realized that we have not been doing full justice to the weddings that occur in this town; we have been using a repressed and obsolete style which is painful to those who enter into the joyous spirit of such occasions, and last night's wedding in the family of the patrician Skinners we assigned to our gentlemanly and urbane Mr. J. Mortimer Montague, late of the publicity department of the world-famed Robinson Circus and Menagerie. The following graceful account from Mr. Montague's facile pen is the most accurate and satisfactory report of a nuptial event we have ever recorded in these columns."

And thereafter followed this:

"Last evening, just as the clock in the steeple struck nine, a vast concourse of the beauty and the chivalry of our splendid city, composing wealth beyond the dreams of the kings of India and forming a galaxy only excelled in splendor by the knightly company at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, assembled to witness the marriage of Miss May Skinner and Mr. John Fortesque. The great auditorium was a bower of smilax and chrysanthemums, bewildering, amazing, superb in its verdant labyrinth. As the clock was striking the hour, the ten-thousand-dollar pipe-organ filled the edifice with strains of most seductive, entrancing music, played by Miss Jane Brown, the only real left-handed organist in the civilized world. Then came the wedding party, magnificent, radiant, resplendent with the glittering jewels of the Orient, dazzling with gorgeousness, stupefying and miraculous in its revelation of beauty. There were six handsome ushers—count them—six; ten bridesmaids—ten—a bevy of real, live, flower-bearing fairies, captured at an immense outlay of time and money in far Caucasia. The bride's resplendent costume and surpassing beauty put the blush upon the Queen of Sheba, made Hebe's effulgence fade as the moon before the sun; and as the long courtly train of knights-errant and ladies-in-waiting passed the populace, the regal spectacle presented was one never equaled since the proud Cleopatra sailed down the perfumed lotus-bearing Nile in her gilded pageant to meet Marc Antony, while all the world stood agape at the unheard-of triumph.

"To describe the bride's costume beggars the English language; and the human imagination falls faint and feeble before the Herculean task. From the everlasting stars she stole the glittering diamonds that decked her alabaster brow and hid in the Stygian umbrage of her hair. From the fleecy, graceful cloud she snared the marvelous drapery that floated like a dream about her queenly figure, and from the Peri at Heaven's gate she captured the matchless grace that bore her like an enchanted wraith through the hymeneal scene.

"The array of presents spread in the throne-room of the Skinner palace has been unexcelled in lavish expenditure of fabulous and reckless prodigal wealth anywhere in the world. Golden tokens literally strewed the apartment, merely as effulgent settings for the mammoth, appalling, maddening array of jewels and precious stones, sunbursts and pearls without price that gleamed like a transcendent electrical display in the hypnotizing picture."

There was more of the same kind, but it need not be set down here. However, it should be said that nothing we ever printed in the paper before or since set the town to laughing like that piece. We have calls to-day for papers containing the circus-poster wedding, and it was printed over two decades ago.

It was Mehronay's first great triumph in town; then the expected happened: for three days he did not appear at the office and we suspected the truth—that by day he slept the sleep of the unjust in the loft of Huddleson's stable and by night he vibrated between the "oyster parlor," where he absorbed fabulous quantities of soup, and Red Martin's gambling-room, where he disported himself most festively before the gang assembled there. The morning of the fourth day Mehronay appeared—but not at his desk. We found him sitting glumly on his stool at the case in the back room, clicking the types, with his hat over his eyes and the smile rubbed off his face.

We were a month coaxing Mehronay back into the front room. His self-respect grew slowly, but finally it returned, and he sat at his desk turning off reams of copy, which was so good that the people read the paper up one side and down the other hunting for his items. He is the only man we have ever had around the paper who could write. Every one else we have employed has been a newsgatherer. But Mehronay cared little for what we call news. He went about the town asking for news, and getting more or less of it, but the way he put it was much more important than the thing itself. He had imagination. He created his own world in the town, and put it in the paper so vividly that before we realized it the whole town was living in Mehronay's world, seeing the people and events about them through his merry countenance. No one ever referred to him as Mr. Mehronay, and before he had been on the street six months he was calling people by their first names—or by nicknames which he tagged on them. He was so fatherly to the young people that the girls in the Bee Hive, or the White Front, or the Racket Store, used to brush his clothes when they needed it, if we in the office neglected him, and smooth his back hair with their pocket-combs, and he—never remembering the name of the particular ministering angel who fixed him up—called one and all of them "darter" and smiled a grateful smile like an old dog that is petted, and went his way. The girls in the White Front Dry-Goods Store gave him a cravat, and, though it was made up, he brought it every morning in his pocket for them to pin on. He was as simple as a child, and like a child lived in a world of unrealities. He swore like a mule-driver, and yet he told the men in the back room that he could never go to sleep without getting down and saying his prayers, and the only men with whom he ever quarreled were a teacher of zoölogy at the college, who was an evolutionist, and Dan Gregg, the town infidel.

One morning when we were sitting in the office before going out to the street for the morning's grist, Mehronay dog-eared a fat piece of copy and jabbed it on the hook as he started for the door.

"My boy was drunk last night," he said. "Me and his mother felt so bad over it that I gave him a pretty straight talk this morning. There it is."

The office dropped its jaw and bugged its eyes.

"Oh, yes," he continued. "Didn't you know I had a boy? He's been the best kind of a boy till here lately. I can see his mother don't like it and his sister's worried, too." His face for a second wore an expression of infinite sadness, and he sighed when the smile came back on the face he turned to us from the door as he said: "Sometimes I think he is studying law with old Charley Hedrick and sometimes I think he is in the bank with John Markley; but he is always with me, and was such a decent boy when I had him out to the college. But I saw him with Joe Nevison last night, and I knew he'd been drinking."

With that he closed the door behind him and was gone. This was the article that Mehronay left on the hook:

"Your pa was downtown this morning complaining about his 'old trouble,' that crick in his back that he got loading hay one hot day in Huron County, Ohio, 'before the army.' The 'old trouble,' as you will remember, bothers your pa a good deal, and your ma thinks that his father must have been a pretty hard-hearted man to let him work so hard when he was a boy. Your pa likes to have you and your ma think that when he was a boy he did nothing but work and go to prayer-meeting and go around doing noble deeds out of the third reader, but a number of the old boys of the Eleventh Kansas, who knew your pa in the sixties, are prepared to do a lot of forgetting for him whenever he asks it. The truth about your pa's 'old trouble' is that he was down at Fort Leavenworth just after the close of the war, and after filling up on laughing-water at a saloon he got in a fight with the bartender and was kicked out of the saloon, and slept in the alley all night. That was his last whizz. He took an invoice of his stock and found that he had some of the most valuable experiences that a man can acquire, and he straightened up and came out here and grew up with the country. Your ma met him at a basket-meeting, and she thought he was an extremely pious young man, and they made a go of it.

"So, Bub, when you think that by breathing on your coat-sleeve to kill the whisky you can fool your pa, you are wrong. Your pa in his day ate three carloads of cardamom seeds and cloves and used myrrh by the barrel. Also, he knew which was the creaky step on the stairs in his father's house and used to avoid it coming in at night, just as you do now, and he knows just what you are doing. And more than that, your pa speaks from the bitterest kind of experience when he pleads with you to quit. It is no goody-goody talk of a mutton-headed old deacon that he is giving you; it has taken him a year to get his courage up to speak to you, and every word he speaks is boiled out of an agony of bitter memories. He knows where boys that start as you are starting end if they don't turn back. Your pa turned, but he recollects the career of the Blue boys, who are divided between the penitentiary, the poorhouse and the southwest corner of hell; he recalls the Winklers—one dead, one a porter in a saloon in Peoria, one crazy; and he looks at you, and it seems to him that he must take you in his arms as he did when you were a little child in the prairie fire, and run to safety with you. And when he talks to you with his bashful, halting speech, you just sit there and grin, and cut his heart to its core, for he knows you do not understand.

"It's rather up to you, Bub. In the next few months you will have to decide whether you are going to hell or not. Of course, the 'vilest sinner may return' at any point along the road—but to what? To shattered health; to a mother heart-broken in her grave; to a wife damned to all eternity by your thoughtless brutality; and to children who are always afraid to look up the alley, when they see a group of boys, for fear they may be teasing you—you, drunk and dirty, lying in the stable filth! To that you will 'return,' with your strength spent, and your sportive friends, gone to the devil before you, and your chance in life frittered away.

"Just sit down and figure it out, Bub. Of course there are a lot of good fellows on the road to hell; you will have a good time going; but you'll be a long time there. You'll dance and play cards and chase out nights, and soak your soul in the essence of don't-give-a-damtiveness, and you'll wonder, as you go up in the balloon, what fun there is in walking through this sober old earth. Friends—what are they? The love of humanity what is it? Thoughtfulness to those about you? Gentility—What are these things? Letteroll—letteroll! But as you drop out of the balloon the earth will look like a serious piece of landscape.

"When you are old the beer you have swilled will choke your throat; the women you have flirted with will hang round your feet and make you stumble. All the nights you have wasted at poker will dim your eyes. And the garden of the days that are gone, wherein you should have planted kindness and consideration and thoughtfulness and manly courage to do right, will be grown up to weeds, that will blossom in your patches and in your rags and in your twisted, gnarly face that no one loves.

"Go it, Bub! don't stop for your pa's sake; you know it all. Your pa is merely an old fogy. Tell him you can paddle your own canoe. But when you were a little boy, a very little boy, with a soft, round body, your pa used to take you in his arms and rub his beard—his rough, stubby, three-days' beard—against your face and pray that God would keep you from the path you are going in.

"And so the sins of the father, Bub—but we won't talk of that."

Three months later, when the Methodists opened their regular winter revival, Mehronay, becoming enraged at what he called the tin-horn clothes of the traveling evangelist conducting the meetings, began to make fun of him in the paper—and, as a revivalist in a church is a sacred person while the meetings are going on, we had to kill Mehronay's items about the revival; whereupon, his professional pride being hurt, Mehronay went forth into the streets and got haughtily drunk, and strutted up and down Main Street scattering sirs and misters and madams about so lavishly that men who did not appreciate his condition thought he had gone mad. That night he went to the revival, and sat upon the back seat alone, muttering his imprecations at the preacher until the singing began, when the heat of the room and the emotional music mellowed his pride, and he drowned out the revivalist's singing partner with a clear, sweet tenor that made the congregation turn to look at him. Mehronay knew the Gospel hymns by heart, as he seemed to know his New Testament, and the cunning revivalist kept the song service going for an hour, and when Mehronay was thoroughly sober there was a short prayer, and the singer on the pulpit sang There Were Ninety and Nine feelingly with an adagio movement, and Mehronay's face was wet with tears and he rose for prayers.

He came to the office chastened and subdued next morning and wrote an account of the revival so eulogistic that we had to tone it down, and for a week went about damning, with all the oaths in the pirate's log, Dan Gregg and the college professor who taught evolution. But no one could coax him back to the revival. And as the spring came we thought he had forgotten the episode of his regeneration, and perhaps he had forgotten it, but the Saturday before Easter he put on the copy-hook an Easter sermon that made us in the office think that he had added another dream to his world. It was a curious thing for Mehronay to write; indeed, few people in town realized that he wrote it; for he had been rollicking over town, on his beat every day for months after the revival, and half the pious people in town thought he was shamming his emotion the night he came to the church merely to mock them and their revivalist. But we in the office knew that Mehronay's Easter sermon had come as the offering of a contrite heart. It is in so many scrap-books in the town that it should be reprinted here that the town may know that Mehronay wrote it. It read:

"The celebration of Easter is the celebration of the renewal of life after the death that prevails in winter. People of many faiths observe a spring festival of rejoicing, and of prayer for future bounty. Probably the Easter celebration is like that at Thanksgiving—a survival of some ancient pagan rite that men established out of overflowing hearts, rejoicing at the end of a good season and praying for favor at the beginning of a new one.

"But to the Christian world Easter symbolizes a Divine tragedy. The coming of Easter, as it is set forth in the Great Book, is a most powerful story; it is the story of one of the deepest passions that may move the human heart—the passion of father-love.

"Once there lived in the desert a man and his little child—a very little boy, who sometimes was a bad little boy, and who did not do as he was told. And on a day when the father was away about his business the child, playing, wandered out on the desert and was lost. From home the desert beckoned the little boy; it seemed fair and fine to adventure in. When the boy had been gone for many hours the father returned and could not find him, and knew that the child was lost. But the father knew the desert; he knew how it lured men on; he knew its parching thirst; he knew its thorns and brambles, and its choking dust and the heat that beats one down.

"And, when he saw that the boy was lost, his heart was aflame with anguish; he could all but feel the desert fire in the little boy's blood, the cactus barbs in the bleeding little feet, and the great lonesomeness of the desert in the little boy's heart; and, as from afar, the man heard a wailing little voice in his ears calling, 'Father, father!' like a lost sheep. But it was only a seeming, and the house where the little boy had played was silent.

"Then the father went to the desert, and neither the desert's fire murmuring at his brow, nor the sand that filled his mouth, nor the stones and prickles that cut his feet, nor the wild beasts that lurked upon the hillsides, could keep the bleat of that little child's voice crying, 'Father, father!' out of his ears. And when the night fell, still and cold and numbing, the father pressed on, calling to the child in his agony; for he thought it was such a little boy, such a poor, lonesome, terror-stricken little boy out in the desert, lost and in pain, crying for help, with no one to hear.

"And, wandering so, the father died with his heart full of unspeakable woe. But they found the wayward child in the light of another day. And he never knew what his father suffered, nor why his father died, nor did he understand it all till he had grown to a man's stature, and then he knew; and he tried to live his days as his father had lived, and to lay down his life, if need be, for his friend.

"This is the Easter story that should come to every heart. The Christ that came into the desert of this weary life, and walked here footsore, heart-broken and athirst, came here for the love that was in His heart. Who put it there—whether the God that gave Shakespeare his brain and Wagner his harmonies, gave Christ His heart—or whether it was the God that paints the lily and moves the mountains in their labors—it matters not. It is one God, the Author and First Cause of all things. It is His heart that moves our own hearts to all their aspirations, to all the benevolence that the wicked world knows; it is His mind that is made manifest in our marvels of civilization; it is His vast, unknowable plan that is moving the nations of the earth.

"Whether it be spirit or law or tendency or person—what matter?—it is our Father, who went to the desert to find His sheep."

All day Saturday, in order to square himself with the printers who set up his sermon, and to rehabilitate himself

(Continued on Page 20)

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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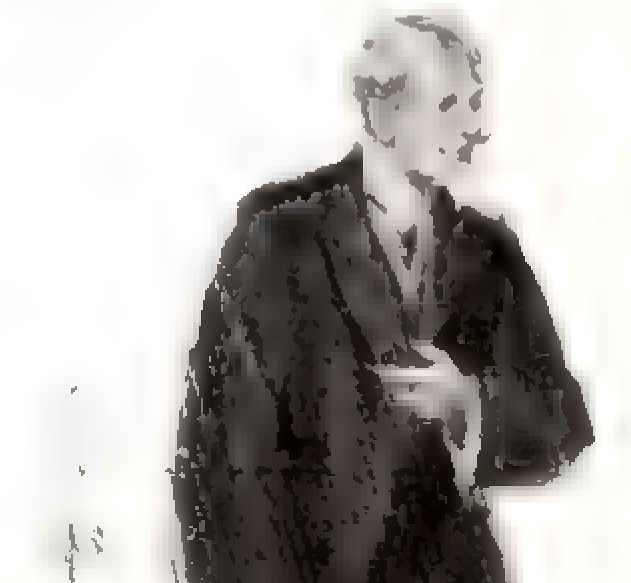
XVI—THE STEEL WASP

CERTAINLY Hortense Rieppe would have won the battle of Chattanooga! I know not from which parent that young woman inherited her gift of strategy, but she was a master. To use the resources of one lover in order to ascertain if another lover had any; to lay tribute on everything that Charley possessed; on his influence in the business world, which enabled him to walk into the V-C Chemical Company's office and borrow an expert in the phosphate line; on his launch in which to pop the expert and take him up the river, and see in his company and learn from his lips just what resources of worldly wealth were likely to be in store for John Mayrant; and finally (which was the key to all the rest) on his inveterate passion for her, on his banker-like determination through all the thick and thin of discouragement, and worse than discouragement, of contemptuous coquetry, to possess her at any cost he could afford; to use all this that Charley had, in order that she might judiciously arrive at the decision whether she would take him or his rival, left one lost in admiration. And then, not to waste a moment! To reach town one evening and next morning by ten o'clock to have that expert safe in the launch on his way up the river to the phosphate diggings! The very audacity of such unscrupulousness commanded my respect: successful dishonor generally wins louder applause than successful virtue. But to be married to her! Oh, not for worlds! Charley might meet such emergency, but poor John, never!

I nearly walked into Mrs. Weguelin and Mrs. Gregory taking their customary air slowly in South Place.

"But why a steel wasp?" I said at once to Mrs. Weguelin. It was a more familiar way of beginning with the little dignified lady than would have been at all possible, or suitable, if we had not had that little joke about the *piano snobile* between us. As it was, she was not wholly displeased; these Kings Port old ladies grew, I suspect, sometimes a trifle wistful in the centre of their stiff, magic circle of propriety, and were not sorry when some young person (whom they knew about, of course) crossed it and ventured sedately to caracole with them.

So she smiled and her dark eyes danced a little. "You remember I said that, then?"



Commonly the Possessor of a Poetic Gaze, a Mane of Silvery Hair, and a Noble Neck

"I remember everything that you said."

"How much have you seen of the creature?" demanded Mrs. Gregory, with her head pretty high

"Well, I'm seeing more, and more, and more every minute. She's rather endless."

Mrs. Weguelin looked reproachful. "You surely cannot admire her, too?"

Mrs. Gregory hadn't understood me. "Oh, if you really can keep her away, you're welcome!"

"I only meant," I explained to the ladies, "that you don't really begin to see her till you *have* seen her: it's afterward, when you're out of reach of the spell." And I told them of the interview which I had not been able to tell to Miss Josephine and Miss Eliza. "I doubt if it lasted more than four minutes," I assured them.

"Up the river?" repeated Mrs. Gregory.

"At the landing," I repeated. And the ladies consulted each other's expressions. But that didn't bother me any more.

"And you can admire her?" Mrs. Weguelin persisted.

"May I tell you exactly, precisely?"

"Oh, do!" they both exclaimed.

"Well, I think many wise men would find her immensely desirable—as somebody else's wife!"

Mrs. Weguelin's eyes danced again. "I should not have permitted myself to say that, but I am glad that it has been said."

Mrs. Gregory turned to her companion. "Shall we call to-morrow?"

"Don't you feel it must be done?" returned Mrs. Weguelin, and then she addressed me. "Do you know a Mr. Beverly Rodgers?"

I gave him a golden recommendation, and took my leave of the ladies.

So they were going to do the handsome thing; they would ring the Cornerlys' bell; they would cross the interloping threshold, they would recognize the interloping girl; and this meant that they had given it up. It meant that Miss Eliza had given it up, too, had at last abandoned her position that the marriage would never take place. And her own act had probably drawn this down upon her. When the trustee of that estate had told her of the apparent failure of the phosphates, she had hailed it as an escape for her beloved John, and for all of them, because she made sure that Hortense would never marry a virtually penniless man. And when the work went on, and the rich fortune was unearthed after all, her influence had caused that revelation to be delayed because she was so confident that the engagement would be broken. But she had reckoned without Hortense; worse than that, she had reckoned without John Mayrant; in her meddling attempt to guide his affairs in the way that she believed would be best for him, she forgot that the boy whom she had brought up was no longer a child, and thus she unpardonably ignored his rights as a man. And now Miss Josephine's disapproval was vindicated, and her own casuistry was doubly punished. Miss Rieppe's astute journey of investigation—for her purpose had evidently become suspected by some of them beforehand—had forced Miss Eliza to disclose the truth about the phosphates to her nephew before it should be told him by the girl herself; and the intolerable position of apparent duplicity precipitated two wholly inevitable actions on his part: he had bound himself more than ever to marry Hortense, and he had made a furious breach with his Aunt Eliza. That was what his letter had contained; this time he had banished himself from that house. What was his Aunt Eliza going to do about it? I wondered. She was a stiff, if indiscreet, old lady, and it certainly did not fall within her view of the proprieties that young people should take their elders to task in furious letters. But she had been totally in the wrong, and her fault was irreparable, because important things had happened in consequence of it; she might repent the fault in sackcloth and ashes, but she couldn't stop the things. Would she, then, honorably wear the sackcloth, or would she dishonestly shirk it under the false issue of her nephew's improper tone to her? Women can justify themselves with more appalling skill than men.

One drop there was in all this bitter bucket which must have tasted sweet to John. He had resigned from the custom house; Juno had got it right this time, though she hadn't a notion of the real reason for John's act. This act had been, since morning, lost for me, so to speak, in the shuffle of more absorbing events; and it now rose to view again in my mind as a telling stroke in the full-length portrait that all his acts had been painting of the boy during the last twenty-four hours. Notwithstanding a meddlesome Aunt, and an arriving sweetheart, and imminent wedlock, he hadn't forgotten to stop "taking orders from a negro" at the very first opportunity which came to him; his phosphates had done this for him at least, and I should have the pleasure of correcting Juno at tea.

But I did not have this pleasure. They were all in an excitement over something else, and my own different excitement hadn't a chance against this greater one; for people seldom wish to hear what you have to say, even under the most favorable circumstances, and never when they have anything to say themselves. With an audience so hotly preoccupied I couldn't have sat on Juno effectively at all, and therefore I kept it to myself, and attended very slightly to what they were telling me about the Daughters of Dixie.

I bowed absently to the poetess. "And your poem?" I said. "A great success, I am sure?"

"Why, didn't you hear me say so?" said the up-country bride; and then, after a smile at the others, "I'm sure your flowers were graciously accepted."

"Ask Miss Josephine St. Michael," I replied.

"Oh, oh, oh!" went the bride. "How would *she* know?"

I gave myself no pains to improve or arrest this tiresome joke, and they went back to their Daughters and Sons of Dixie; but it is rather singular how sometimes an utterly absurd notion will be the cause of our taking a step which we had not contemplated. I did carry some flowers to Miss La Heu the next day. I was at some trouble to find any; for in Kings Port shops of this kind are by no means plentiful, and it was not until I had paid a visit to a quite distant garden at the extreme northwestern edge of the town that I lighted upon anything worthy of the girl behind the counter. The Exchange itself was apt to have flowers for sale, but I hardly saw my way to buying them there, and then immediately offering them to the fair person who had sold them to me. As it was, I did much better; for what I brought her were decidedly superior to any that were at the Exchange when I entered it at lunch-time.

They were, as the up-country bride would have put it, "graciously accepted." Miss La Heu stood them in water on the counter beside her ledger. She was looking lovely.

"I expected you yesterday," she said. "The new Lady Baltimore was ready."

"Well, if it is not all eaten yet——"

"Oh, no! Not a slice gone."

"Ah, nobody does your art justice here!"

"Go and sit down at your table, please."

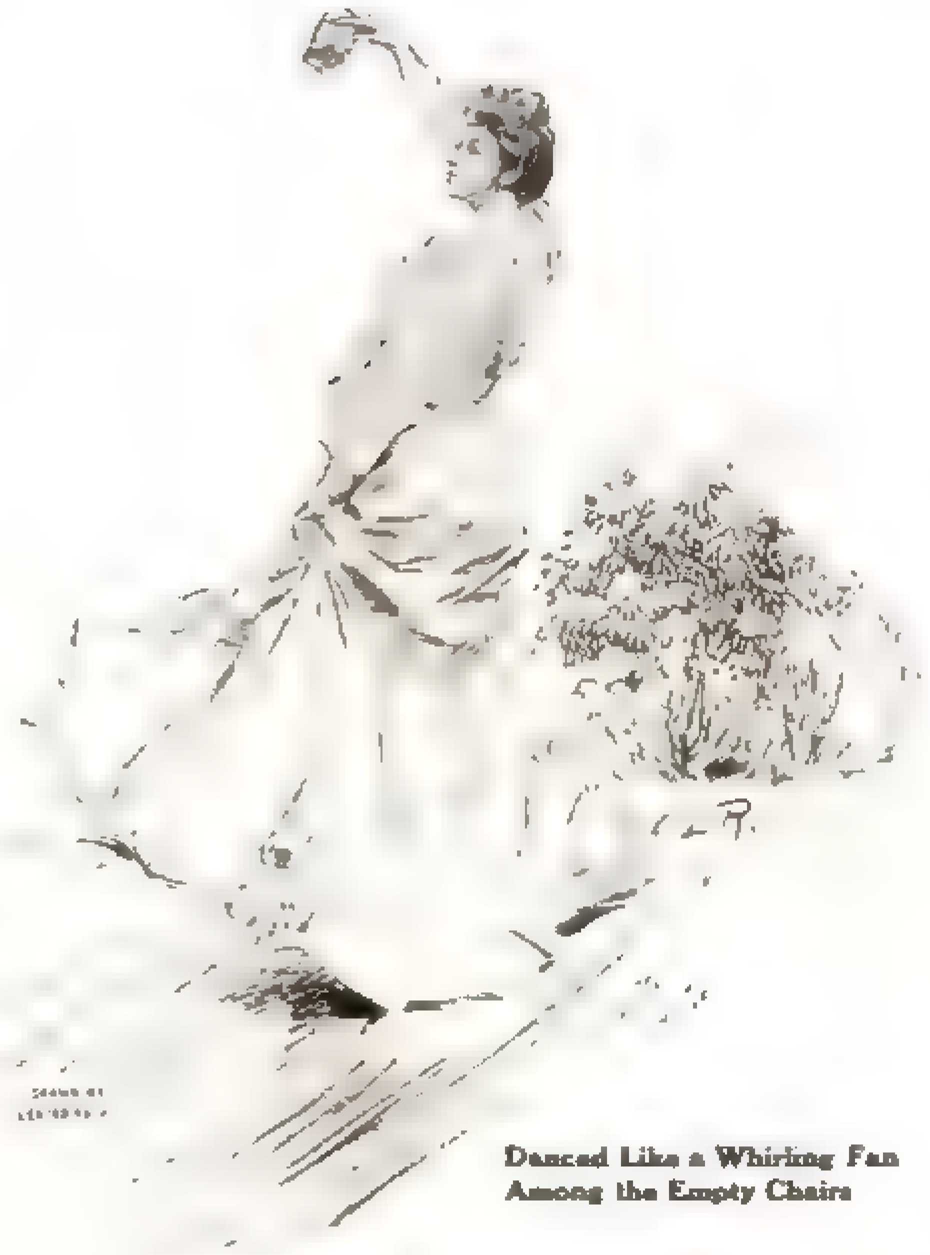
It was really quite difficult to say to her from that distance the sort of things that I wished to say; but there seemed to be no help for it, and I did my best.

"I shall miss my lunches here very much when I'm gone."

"Did you say coffee to-day?"

"Chocolate. I shall miss——"

"And the lettuce sandwiches?"



Danced Like a Whirling Fan Among the Empty Chairs

"Yes. You don't realize how much these lunches——"

"Have cost you?" She seemed determined to keep laughing.

"You have said it. They have cost me my——"

"I can give you the receipt, you know."

"The receipt?"

"For Lady Baltimore, to take with you."

"You'll have to give me a receipt for a lost heart."

"Oh, his heart! General, listen to——" From habit she had turned to where her dog used to lie; and sudden pain swept over her face and was mastered. "Never mind!" she quickly resumed. "Please don't speak about it. And you have a heart somewhere; for it was very nice in you to come in yesterday morning after—after the bridge."

"I hope I have a heart," I began, rising; for, really, I could not go on in this way, sitting down away back at the lunch-table.

But the door opened, and Hortense Rieppe came into the Woman's Exchange.

It was at me that she first looked, and she gave me the slightest bow possible, the least sign of conventional recognition that a movement of the head could make and be visible at all; she didn't bend her head down, she tilted it ever so little up. It wasn't new to me, this form of greeting, and I know that she had acquired it at Newport, and that it denoted, all too accurately, the size of my importance in her eyes; she did it, as she did everything, with perfection. Then she turned to Eliza La Heu, whose face had become miraculously sweet.

"Good-morning," said Hortense.

It sounded from a quiet well of reserve richness; just a cupful of melodious tone dipped lightly out of the surface. Her face hadn't become anything; but it was equally miraculous in its total void of all expression relating to this moment, or to any moment; just her beauty, her permanent stationary beauty, was there glowing in it and through it, not skin deep, but going back and back into her lazy eyes, and shining from within the modulated bloom of her color and the depths of her amber hair. She was choosing, for this occasion, to be as impersonal as some radiant hour in Nature, some mellow, motionless day when the leaves have turned, but have not fallen, and it is drowsily warm; but it wasn't so much of Nature that she, in her harmonious lustre, reminded me, as of some beautiful silken-shaded lamp, from which color rather than light came with subdued ampleness.

I saw her eyes settle upon the flowers that I had brought Eliza La Heu.

"How beautiful those are!" she remarked.

"Is there something that you wish?" inquired Miss La Heu, always miraculously sweet.

"Some of your good things for lunch; a very little, if you will be so kind."

I had gone back to my table while the "very little" was being selected, and I felt, in spite of how slightly she counted me, that it would be inadequate in me to remain completely dumb.

"Mr. Mayrant is still at the custom house?" I observed.

"For a few days, yes. Happily we shall soon break that connection." And she smelt my flowers.

"'We,'" I thought to myself, "is rather tremendous."

It grew more tremendous in the silence as Eliza La Heu brought me my orders. Miss Rieppe did not seat herself to take the light refreshment which she found enough for lunch. Her plate and cup were set for her, but she walked about, now with one, and now with the other, taking her time over it, and pausing here and there at some article of the Exchange stock.

Of course, she hadn't come there for any lunch; the Cornerlys had midday lunch and dined late; these innovated hours were a part of Kings Port's deep suspicion of the Cornerlys; but what now became interesting was her evident indifference to our perceiving that lunch was merely a pretext with her; in fact, I think she wished it to be perceived, and I also think that those turns which she took about the Exchange—her apparent inspection of an old mahogany table, her examination of a pewter set—were a symbol (and meant to be a symbol) of how she had all the time there was, and the possession of everything she wished, including the situation, and that she enjoyed having this sink in while she was rearranging whatever she had arranged to say, in consequence of finding that I should also hear it. And how well she was worth looking at, no matter whether she stood, or moved, or what she did! Her age lay beyond the reach of the human eye; if she was twenty-five she was marvelous in her mastery of her appearance; if she was thirty-four she was marvelous in her mastery of perpetuating it, and by no other means than perfect dress personal to herself (for she had taken the fashion and moulded it into her own plasticity) and perfect health; for, without a trace of the athletic, her graceful shape teemed with elasticity. There was a touch of "sport" in the parasol she had laid down; and with all her blended serenity there was a touch of "sport" in *her*. Experience could teach her beauty nothing more; it wore the look of having been made love to by many married men.

Quite suddenly the true light flashed upon me. Oh, I had been slow-sighted indeed! So *that* was what she had come here for to-day! Miss Hortense was going to pay her compliments to Miss La Heu. I believe that my sight might still have been slow but for that miraculous sweetness upon the face of Eliza. She was ready for the compliments! Well, I sat expectant—and disappointment was by no means my lot.

Hortense finished her lunch. "And so this interesting place is where you work?"

Eliza, thus addressed, assented.

"And you furnish wedding cakes also?"

Eliza was continuously and miraculously sweet. "The Exchange includes that."

"I shall hope you will be present to taste some of yours on the day it is mine."

"I shall accept the invitation if my friends send me one."

No blood flowed from Hortense at this, and she continued with the same smooth deliberation.

"The list is of necessity very small; but I shall see that it includes you."

"You are not going to postpone it any more, then?"

No blood flowed at this either. "I doubt if John—if Mr. Mayrant—would brook further delay, and my father seems stronger, at last. How much do I owe you for your very good food?"

It is a pity that a larger audience could not have been there to enjoy this skillful duet, for it held me hanging on every musical word of it. There, at the far back end of the long room, I sat alone at my table, pretending to be engaged over a sandwich that was no more in existence—external, I mean—and a totally empty cup of chocolate. I lifted the cup, and bowed over the plate, and used the paper Japanese napkin, and generally went through the various discreet paces of eating, quite breathless, all the while, to know which of them was coming out ahead. There was no fairness in their positions; Hortense had Eliza in a cage, penned in by every fact; but it doesn't do to go too near some birds, even when they're caged, and, while these two birds had been giving their sweet manifestations of song, Eliza had driven a peck or two home through the bars, which, though they didn't draw visible blood, as I have said, probably taught Hortense that a Newport education is not the only instruction which fits you for drawing-room war to the knife.

Her small reckoning was paid, and she had drawn on one long, tawny glove. Even this act was a luxury to watch, so full it was of the feminine, of the stretching, indolent ease that the flesh and the spirit of this creature invariably seemed to move with. But why didn't she go? This became my wonder now, while she slowly drew on the second glove. She was taking more time than it needed.

"Your flowers are for sale, too?"

This, after her silence, struck me as being something planned out after her original plan. The original plan had finished with that second assertion of her ownership of John (or, I had better say, of his ownership in her), that doubt she had expressed as to his being willing to consent to any further postponement of their marriage. Of course she had expected, and got herself ready for, some thrust on the postponement subject.

Eliza crossed from behind her counter to where the Exchange flowers stood on the opposite side of the room and took some of them up.

"But those are inferior," said Hortense. "These." And she touched lightly the bowl in which my roses stood close beside Eliza's ledger.

Eliza paused for one second. "Those are not for sale."

Hortense paused, too. Then she hung to it. "They are so much the best." She was holding her purse.

"I think so, too," said Eliza. "But I cannot let any one have them."

Hortense put her purse away. "You know best. Shall you furnish us flowers as well as cake?"

Eliza's sweetness rose an octave, softer and softer. "Why, they have flowers there! Didn't you know?"

And to this last and frightful peck through the bars Hortense found no retaliation. With a bow to Eliza, and a total oblivion of me, she went out of the Exchange.

She had gone altogether too close to the cage at the end, and, in that repetition of her taunt about "furnishing" supplies for the wedding, she had at length betrayed something which her skill and the intricate enamel of her experience had hitherto, and with entire success, concealed—namely, the latent vulgarity of the woman. She was wearing, for the sake of Kings Port, her best behavior, her most knowing form, and, indeed, it was a well-done imitation of the real thing; it would last through most occasions, and it would deceive most people. But here was the trouble: she was *wearing* it; while, through the whole encounter, Eliza La Heu had worn nothing but her natural and perfect dignity; yet with that disadvantage (for good breeding, alas! is at times a sort of disadvantage, and can be battered down and covered with mud so that its own fine grain is invisible) Eliza had, after a somewhat undecisive battle, got in that last frightful peck! But what had led Hortense, after she had come through pretty well, to lose her temper and thus, at the finish, expose to Eliza her weakest position? That her clothes were paid for by a Newport lady who had taken her to Worth, that her wedding feast was to be paid for by the bridegroom, these were not facts which Eliza would deign to use as weapons; but she was marrying inside the doors of Eliza's Kings Port, that had never opened to admit her before, and she had slipped into putting this chance into Eliza's hand—and how had she come to do this?

Oh, yes, my vision had been slow! Hortense had seen, through her thick veil, Eliza's interest in John in the first minute of her arrival on the bridge, that minute when John had run up to Eliza after the automobile had passed over poor General. And Hortense hadn't revealed herself at once, because she wanted a longer look at them. Well, she had got it, and she had got also a look at her affianced John when he was in the fire-eating mood, and had displayed the conduct appropriate to 1840, while Charley's display had been so much more modern. And so first she had prudently settled that awkward phosphate difficulty, and next she had paid this little visit to Eliza in order to have the pleasure of telling her in four or five different ways, and driving it in deep, and turning it round: *"Don't you wish you may get him?"*

"That's all as clear as day," I said to myself. "But what does her loss of temper mean?" Eliza was writing at her ledger. The sweetness hadn't entirely gone; it was too soon for that, and besides, she knew I must be looking at her.

"Couldn't you have told her they were my flowers?" I asked her at the counter, as I prepared to depart.

Eliza did not look up from her ledger. "Do you think she would have believed me?"

"And why shouldn't——"

"Go out!" she interrupted imperiously and with a stamp of her foot. "You've been here long enough!"

You may imagine my amazement at this. It was not until I had reached Mrs. Trevise's, and was sitting down to answer a note which had been left for me, that light again came. Hortense Rieppe had thought those flowers were from John Mayrant, and Eliza had let her think so.

Yes, that was light, a good bright light shed on the matter; but a still more brilliant beam was cast by the up-country bride when I reached Mrs. Trevise's. I told her myself, at once, that I had taken flowers to Miss La Heu; I preferred she should hear this from me before she learned it from the smiling lips of gossip. It surprised me that she should immediately inquire what kind of flowers?

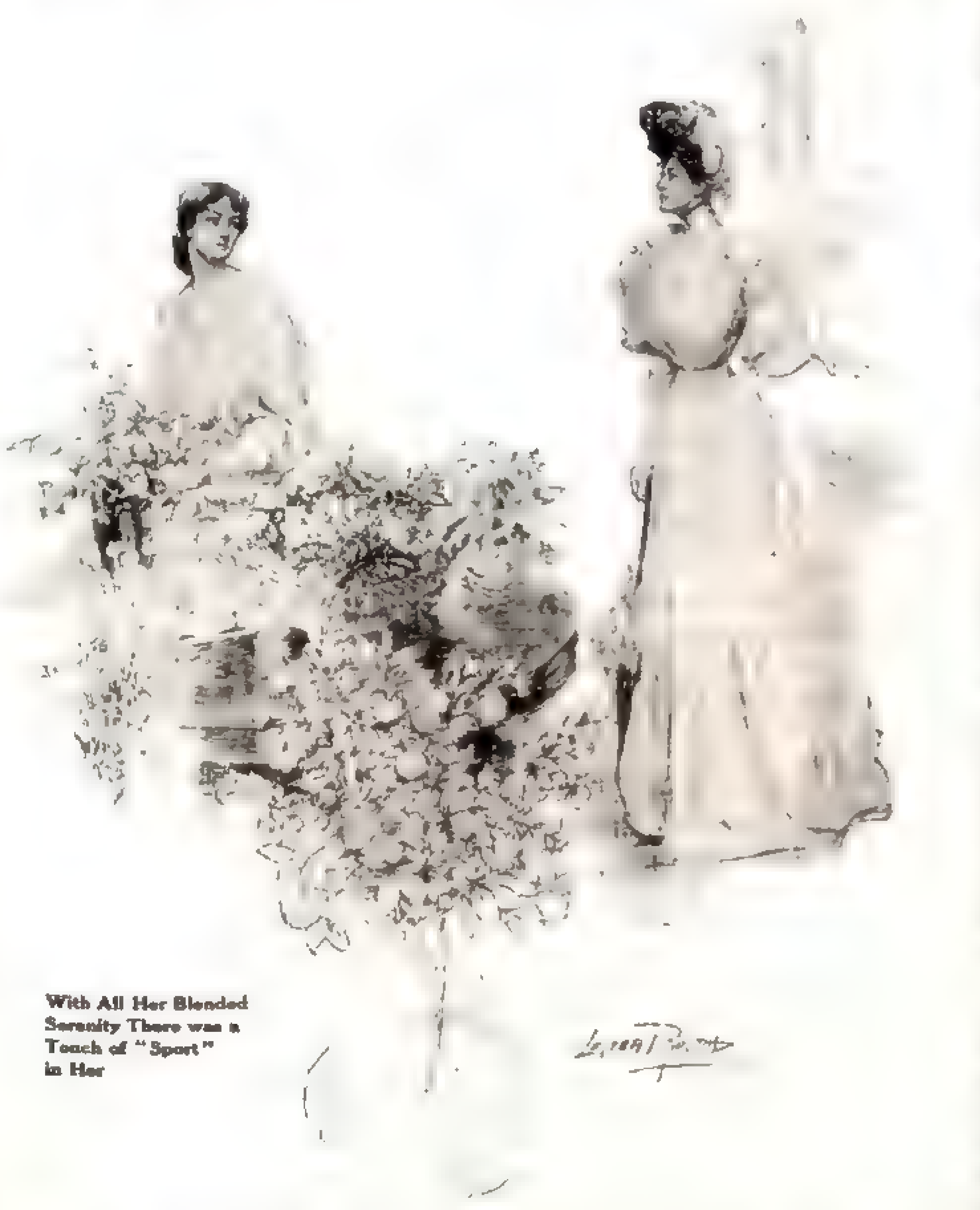
"Why, roses," I answered; and she went into peals of laughter.

"Pray share the jest," I begged her with some dignity.

"Didn't you know," she replied, "the language that roses from a single gentleman to a young lady speak in Kings Port?"

I stood staring and stiff, taking it in, taking myself, and Eliza, and Hortense, and the implicated John, all in.

"Why, *every*body in Kings Port knows that!" said the bride; and now my mirth rose even above hers.



With All Her Blended Serenity There was a Touch of "Sport" in Her

XVII—DOING THE HANDSOME THING

IT BY no means lessened my pleasure to discern that Hortense must feel herself to be in a predicament; and as I sat writing my answer to the note, which was from Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael and contained an invitation to me for the next afternoon, I thought of those pilots whose dangers have come down to us from distant times through the songs of ancient poets. The narrow and tempestuous channel between Scylla and Charybdis bristled unquestionably with violent problems, but with none, I should suppose, that called for a nicer hand upon the wheel, or an eye more alert, than this steering of your little trireme to a successful marriage, between one man who believed himself to be your destined bridegroom and another who expected to be so, meanwhile keeping each in ignorance of how close you were sailing to the other. In Hortense's place I should have wished to hasten the wedding now, have it safely performed this afternoon, say, or to-morrow morning; thus precipitated by some invaluable turn in the health of her poor dear father. But she had worn it out, his health, by playing it for decidedly as much as it could bear; it couldn't be used again without risk; the date must stand fixed, and, uneasy as she might have begun to be about John, Hortense must, with no shortening the course, get her boat in safe without smashing it against either John or Charley. I wondered a little that she should feel any uncertainty about her affianced lover. She must know how much his word was to him, and she had had his word twice, given her the second time to put his own honor right with her on the score of the phosphates. But perhaps Hortense's rich experiences of life had taught her that a man's word to a woman should not be subjected to the test of another woman's advent. On the whole, I suppose it was quite natural those flowers should annoy her, and equally natural that Eliza, the minx, should allow them to do so! There's a joy to the marrow in watching your enemy harried and discomfited by his own gratuitous contrivances; you look on serenely at a show which hasn't cost you a groat. However, poor Eliza hadn't been so serene at the very end, when she stormed out at me. For this I did not have to forgive her, of course, little as I had merited such treatment. Had she not accepted my flowers? But it was a gratification to reflect that in my sentimental passages with her I had not gone to any great length; nothing, do I ever find, is so irksome as the sense of having unwittingly been in a false position. Was John, on his side, in love with her? Was it possible he would fail in his word? So with these thoughts, while answering and accepting Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael's invitation to make one of a party of strangers to whom she was going to show another old Kings Port church, "where many of my ancestors lie," as her note informed me, I added one sentence which had nothing to do with the subject. "She is a steel wasp," I ventured to say. And when on the next afternoon I met the party at the church, I received from the little lady a look of highly-spiced comprehension as she gently remarked, "I was glad to get your acceptance."

When I went down to the dinner-table Juno sat in her best clothes, still discussing the Daughters of Dixie.

I can't say that I took much more heed of this at dinner than I had done at tea; but I was interested to hear Juno mention that she, too, intended to call upon Hortense Rieppe. Kings Port, she said, must take a consistent position; and for her part, so far as behavior went, she didn't see much to choose between the couple. "As to whether Mr. Mayrant had really concealed the discovery of his fortune," she continued, "I asked Miss Josephine—in a perfectly nice way, of course. But old Mr. St. Michael Beaugarçon, who has always had the estate in charge, did that. It is only a life estate, unless Mr. Mayrant has lawful issue. Well, he will have that now, and all that money will be his to squander."

Aunt Carola had written me again this morning, but I had been in no haste to open her letter; my neglect of the Bombos did not weigh too heavily upon me, I fear, but I certainly did put off reading what I expected to be a reprimand. And concerning this I was right; her first words betokened reprimand at once. "My dear nephew Augustus," she began, in her fine, elegant handwriting. That was always her mode of address to me when something was coming, while at other times it would be, less portentously, "My dear Augustus," or "My dear nephew"; but whenever my name and my relationship to her occurred conjointly, I carried the communication away with me to some corner, and opened it in solitude.

It wasn't about the Bombos, though; and for what she took me to task I was able to defend myself, I think, quite adequately. She found fault with me for liking the South too much, and this she based upon the enthusiastic accounts of Kings Port and its people that I had written to her; nor had she at all approved of my remarks on the subject of the negro, called forth by Daddy Ben and his grandson Charles Cotesworth.

"When I sent you (wrote Aunt Carola) to admire Kings Port good-breeding, I did not send you to forget your country. Remember that those people were its mortal enemies; that besides their treatment of our prisoners in Libby and Andersonville (which killed my brother Alexander) they displayed in their dealings, both social and political, an arrogance in success and a childish petulance at opposition, which we who saw and suffered can never forget, any more than we can forget our loved ones who laid down their lives for this cause."

These were not the only words with which Aunt Carola reproved whât she termed my "disloyalty," but they will serve to indicate her feeling about the Civil War. It was—on her side—precisely the feeling of all the Kings Port old ladies on *their* side. But why should it be mine? And so, after much thinking how I might best reply respectfully, yet say to Aunt Carola what my feeling was, I sat down upstairs at my window, and, after some preliminary sentences, wrote:

"There are dead brothers here also, who, like your brother, laid down their lives for what they believed was their country, and whom their sisters never can forget as you can never forget him. I read their names upon sad church tablets, and their boy faces look out at me from cherished miniatures and dim daguerreotypes. Upon their graves the women who mourn them leave flowers as you leave flowers upon the grave of your young soldier. You will tell me, perhaps, that since the bereavement is equal I have not justified my sympathy for these people. But the

(Continued on Page 16)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Lovers of self admit of no rivals.

¶ Necessity knows no law but a mother-in-law.

¶ Cupid gets blamed for many errors of judgment.

¶ Often confession is owning up when you are sure to be caught.

¶ Sometimes conservatism is simply radicalism in its dotage.

¶ There never was a good enemy who would not make a better friend.

¶ When women exchange secrets the recording angel opens a new set of books.

¶ A woman's love is measured less by what she gives than by what she forgives.

¶ When a sarcastic woman marries, even the honeymoon needs to be sweetened.

¶ The power behind the throne of Roosevelt, President, is Theodore Roosevelt, citizen.

¶ A man who wears diamonds may be a gentleman, but appearances are against him.

¶ Sermons on the dangers of wealth are not intended to discourage the collection plate.

¶ Can it be that the simple-life craze has already joined the ash-heap of discarded luxuries?

¶ Those who are five minutes late do more to upset the order of the world than all the anarchists.

¶ Wisdom is more precious than rubies; therefore women, with an eye to economy, select the rubies.

¶ Emperor Nicholas of Russia has shown what even the most absolute monarch will do in order to hold on to his salary.

Farmers' Profits

SECRETARY WILSON jubilantly calls attention to the fact that the farmers are rich. The value of farm products in 1905 was nearly six and a half billion dollars, which promises a neat addition to the billion or so that the optimistic Secretary says the farmers have in their stocking. But this agreeable condition is not altogether due to the farmers themselves. The fact is that American agriculture is the strongest industry in the world by the grace of Providence. It succeeds with individualistic and competitive methods that everybody else has abandoned, only because of the fertility of the soil and the enormous market.

The farmer simply raises his grain and sells it. Thus, usually, a big production means a low price, and as a rule—although in wheat the speculators occasionally help him out—the lowest price for the grain obtains in the months when the farmer is selling his crop; the highest price after it has got into the hands of middlemen. The packers naturally wish a low price for hogs when receipts are heaviest, and the hoary old law of supply and demand usually gives it to them. Broadly speaking, the farmer gets the lowest price when he has most to sell.

The production of iron is now the greatest on record, and prices are very high. The mills, working as a unit through their trade agreements, increase their capacity only when prices begin to advance. When prices show signs of declining, they promptly curtail output. So they get the highest price when they have most to sell. This, also, is according to the law of supply and demand; only they take the other end of the proposition. All the coördinated, unified industries—and that includes pretty nearly everything except agriculture—let the demand come first, then meet it with their supply; so they have the fixing of the price. The farmer furnishes supply first and takes what price demand will give him. The cotton-growers are already working, through association, to keep such control of their supply as will enable them, at least, to meet demand half-way. The fruit-raisers of Michigan were mostly "broke" until they formed associations and thereby kept control of their supply and had something to say as to what prices they should get. Now they are quite uniformly prosperous.

"Retiring" Bosses

ONE of the worst of the bosses defeated in the November elections has "retired" from politics, in accordance with his announcement on the election night, when the returns were hammering at him. He "retired" a few years ago in the same circumstances. But—when the storm cleared away and there was no longer danger of his being arrested and pointedly asked, "Where did you get it?"—he "responded to the unanimous call of 'the grand old party,'" and "reluctantly took the tiller in his experienced hand" again.

What a farce! What a miserable, time-worn joke! But we shall never hear the last of it until a victory for honesty is followed up. It isn't enough to beat a boss at the polls. He must be jailed and stripped of his stealings. A few victories of that kind and the boss business would lose all its charms. How the house-breaking industry would thrive if the burglars knew that, when the police interrupted, they would not suffer any inconvenience beyond the necessity of withdrawing until the police went to another part of the beat!

A Corner in Kings

WHY have the Norwegians, an intensely democratic people, settled down so contentedly as a monarchy? For the same reason that keeps Holland and Belgium monarchies; for the same reason that would cause the Swedes to elect a monarch if they held a plebiscite to-morrow, with universal suffrage. All the democratic but small peoples know that they would lose their independence, would become provinces for exploitation, like Ireland, like Alsace-Lorraine and German Poland, like Finland and Russian Poland, if they did not have thrones tenanted by members of the big German family that rules in England, in Germany, in Russia, in Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Greece and Bulgaria, and which is closely related to that other German family which rules in Austria, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

The Norwegians set up a republic, and then, to get external peace, disguised it as a monarchy with a son-in-law of Edward and cousin of William and Nicholas on the throne. His salary of $200,000 a year is in the nature of a tribute to the big German family. But will it avail?

The Security-Makers

THEORETICALLY the railroad rate is a simple problem. The rate must be fair. To be fair it must cover operating expenses and yield a reasonable return upon the capital invested. It is generally known that, in fact, railroad rates have been fixed, not according to any scientific formula deducible from this simple proposition, but by a series of guesses as to what the traffic will bear. Railroad capitalization has been fixed in very much the same happy-go-lucky manner, so that the outstanding stocks and bonds of a road, which people are asked to buy, often have no relation to the real investment.

The outstanding capitalization per mile of the Northern Pacific (excluding its Burlington bonds) is about $19,000 greater than that of the Great Northern. These two roads are nearly parallel and of substantially the same mileage, yet the outstanding stocks and bonds of the former exceed those of the latter by a hundred million. Across the border, the capitalization per mile of the Canadian Pacific is less than that of the Great Northern by about $10,000 per mile, and it is less than half that of the Great Northern. A mile of Northwestern track earns about fifteen per cent. more than a mile of Rock Island track, but Rock Island capitalization per mile is over fifty per cent. greater. Chicago and Alton's capitalization per mile is nearly four times as large as St. Paul's.

These are merely a few well-known examples. Messrs. Hill and Morgan added, out of hand, $110,000,000 to the volume of outstanding securities on which the Burlington road must earn interest in order to give present investors a fair return—for an important part of these railroad securities, whatever their intrinsic merit, are sold to people who buy them in good faith.

The stocks and bonds represent a power to levy tolls upon traffic. That is why investors buy them—not for so many tons of rails and so many locomotives. If the Rock Island manipulators could levy what tolls they please, they could make their 880,000 shares of common stock worth the $100 each which they allege themselves to be worth on their face. If the Government is going to introduce reason into the rate-making field, shouldn't it, as a logical corollary, also impose it upon the security-issuing field?

A Melancholy Career

A YOUNG man who will some day inherit an enormous fortune and who is being brought up as a "gentleman," was interviewed the other day. Among other things, he said: "If I did not have my career cut out for me, if I were to lose my fortune, I should turn to the law and study some phases of it that interest me greatly."

Probably, if the young man were actually thrown on his own resources, he would resort to something less entirely "elegant"—and more useful. But, that aside, what is this "career" that he fancies he has "cut out" for him? To take care of his property. That is, to spend his life at an occupation similar to that of a watchman or a policeman, but far more mechanical and less exciting. What a miserable, what a melancholy conception of a career! To spend one's life at just making money is poor enough use of the one chance to live; to spend it at watching a heap of money—what dullness, what dreariness! And in a world teeming with opportunities to live intensely, vividly, interestingly, usefully!

Our Democratic Press

JOURNALISM certainly has some excuse for spreading high and wide its tail-feathers and strutting because of the Russian autocracy's tribute to it. History relates nothing more astonishing. The autocracy took its iron heel from the editor's neck, lifted him up, fell down before him and worshiped. The press is indeed powerful—but only as the sword is powerful. And let not the editor forget that.

His power is his only so long as he wields it as his readers wish—or convinces them that he is so wielding it. A newspaper defying public opinion is about as worthless a thing as ever ate hugely without producing. The editor's "trenchant pen" is trenchant only when his reader reads and says: "That's so. That's just what I think." The editor's news-columns influence public opinion exactly as they try to approach the ideal of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The power of the press is in no sense autocratic; it is wholly democratic. Editors who forget that truth are themselves forgotten.

The Bubble Reputation

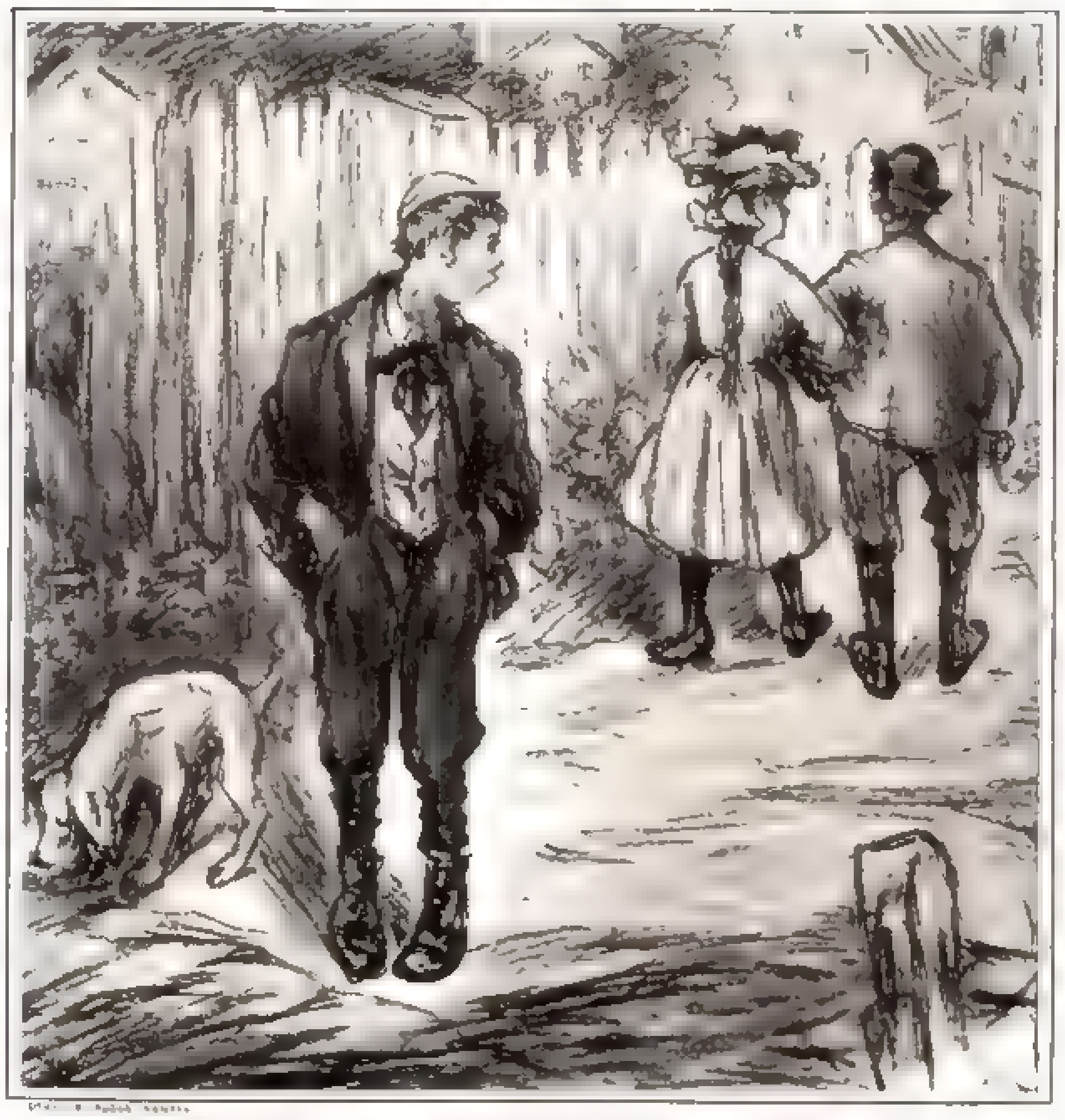
THE other day one of the brightest and best newspapers in the United States published a news dispatch, relating something alleged to have happened to Speaker Cannon. The same story has been told about every famous and carelessly-dressed man since the Revolution. Plutarch cut it out of his Lives because it was a chestnut. It has been deciphered on Assyrian monuments. Nearly all well-regulated villages in the country have some local celebrity on whom it is told. This is no reflection upon the newspaper. It is merely an interesting illustration of the fact that there is scarcely such a thing as a bit of knowledge which is common to all the people.

There are two men in the country who are probably really famous—John D. Rockefeller and President Roosevelt. Probably those two names would convey a more or less tangible idea to almost every person—although within the year an active business man in a large city called the head of Standard Oil "John Rockinfellow." It is doubtful if there is another contemporaneous name which has any such practically universal currency. Authors whose books sell in the hundred thousand are as unknown as the builders of the pyramids to the great mass of the people. To all but an infinitesimal fraction of the population you might as well say Jones or Robinson as Sargent or Whistler. The fame of great surgeons and scientists is scarcely suspected by their own housemaids. Moreover, the authors do not know of the surgeons, nor the scientists of the authors. If you gathered together the hundred most famous men of the country you would have to introduce about seventy-five of them to one another and explain who they were. There is no particular moral to this except: When seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth or elsewhere, remember what a small bubble it is

The Correspondence of a Diplomat

Being the Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Thomas Smalboy, Esq , Late of Appletown

BY J. W. FOLEY



The Having Spending Money Gives You Standing Which is Valuable

MAPLEVILLE ACADEMY, Sept. 15.

Dear Father:

I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know how I like it here where you have sent me to go to school which I know you did because you thought it was for the best and which I will try to pay you for by being faithful in my studies. Mapleville is a lovely place quite a bit larger than Appletown and they raise fine fruit and vegetables which they ship to many parts of the country the demand being so great that we do not have much of them at our boarding house which is run by the school. We have quite plain stuff to eat which I suppose is good for us and keeps us from having boils which are a great inconvenience. Still you can't expect the very best board for three dollars a week where they have to make some money on it too although if you have coffee it is twenty-five cents a week extra. I am not one of the coffee scholars and they sit at another table which I do not think is so much to be proud of. The woman we pay to has a list of the scholars who are coffee and those who are not coffee and she takes your pay according to what you are which is quite a system. Some of the boys pretend they are coffee to their folks and are not so they can have the quarter to spend which is hardly honest although I suppose they want the money.

Some of the boys have boxes in their rooms which are sent to them by their kind parents and usually have a number of things to eat in, such as a roast chicken, a chocolate cake, some sandwiches and maybe a jug of cider and some pickles. Such boys are mostly very popular and their rooms are full of merry light hearted boys at night singing songs and enjoying themselves. The boxes can be sent by express direct to a boy's room at the dormitory which is very convenient.

I am not very well acquainted here yet and my room is quite lonesome nights which I suppose I will get over after a while. When it rains I usually look out of the window and wonder what they are doing in Appletown.

My clothes are not as nice as some of the boys here but they do very well. I know it is very expensive to raise a boy and my present suit will do me till Christmas anyway. Some of the boys here are working through school which will be fine for them to think of afterwards although it is not so pleasant now. I wondered if you would care if I did some chores around the building and made a little money for a new suit. I would not do it without asking you because I know you and Mamma are very proud and might not want me to. By studying till nine or ten o'clock at night I could get my lessons and after that I think I could get a place to scrub the halls and other light work. I would not mention this to Mamma because you know how she is and if you let me do it she might as well never know about it. The suit I was thinking about getting is eleven dollars which ought not to take very long to make. But I would not say I was coffee if I was not even if I could get a quarter every week by doing it. The boys here have mostly two or three suits which is not really necessary although it is customary and gives people a good idea of how you are at home.

I do not think I will be in the boys gymnasium which costs two dollars to join although it is valuable exercise and boys who are in it are generally healthy and stand well in their classes. None of the boys who are in it ever go home sick although some of the boys who do not exercise are looking as though they are coming down with something. But I am good and strong and if I should get sick I will have kind parents to nurse me through.

I will tell you how I am getting along in my studies next week.

With much love to Mamma and you.

Your affectionate son TOMMY.

P. S.—You can tell Mamma about the boys getting boxes if you want to because she is always interested in all kinds of boys and it may be new to her. TOMMY.

MAPLEVILLE, Oct. 1.

Dear Father:

I can hardly tell you how pleased and surprised it made me to get the letter from you with the fifteen dollars in for a suit and to join the gymnasium and to have a little spending money. The having spending money gives you quite a little standing which is apt to be very valuable to you in case you want good company which you can always get. If more of the boys fathers were thoughtful like you are they would not be so apt to pretend they are coffee which they are not which is very liable to lead them to doing wrong sometime.

I have worn the suit only once and will not wear it for common because you do not feel so sensitive about wearing clothes which are not your best if you have got your closet full of good clothes to wear whenever you want to. I leave my closet door open so the boys can see my good clothes hanging up there which is just the same as wearing them only they do not get shiny so soon.

The box that Mamma sent was splendid. Most of the boys have been to see it and said to tell Mamma she was the best cook of any of their mothers which I know will please her very much. The boys seem to like me very much and the first night the box came they came to my room in quite a number and offered to elect me lieutenant of the Guards if anything should happen to throw one of the lieutenants out. I am not saying this to brag but just to let you know how I stand. I have lent some of my two dollars to several of the second and third year boys which is quite an honor for a first year boy to get. They are very particular about paying back money always doing it just as soon as they get some to spare.

You have been so good about sending me the money and Mamma the box that I will not ask to come home for Thanksgiving which will soon be here now. It would cost quite a bit for me to come home and you will probably not be able to see my new suit till Christmas which I should like to show you but it will keep. It will seem very strange to be away from home Thanksgiving for the first time and eat turkey at a strange table which I presume they will have for all kinds of boys whether they are coffee or not. A good many of the boys will go home for Thanksgiving which will make it lonely for the rest of us who do not go. I hope it will be a bright sunshiny day which will not make us feel so bad to be away from home. I suppose you and Mamma will sit in the dining room with a big turkey and wonder what I am doing and I will probably be writing a letter to you to keep from being so lonesome. I would not tell Mamma anything about me not coming home for Thanksgiving because there is no use of worrying her until the last moment. She will probably think I am coming until it is too late which will make it easier for her.

You might tell Henry Gregg if you happen to see him going by that I will probably not be home for Thanksgiving the way it looks now. He will probably expect me because we were going skating if I should have gone home.

The boys here are going over to Burbank in about ten days to see a wild west show which will be there. The tickets on the cars are fifty cents for the round trip and I think the show is fifty cents which is very moderate for a half a day's pleasure such as they will get. They have buffaloes and many other things which give a boy a splendid idea of the west which is liable to do him more good than reading many books. It happens on Saturday and from the way it looks now most everybody will go. The boys are all writing home about it and are very hopeful. I do not think I will go as most of my two dollars is lent and the boys I lent it to are a little scarce of money. I have never seen a wild west show but I should imagine a boy who observed things would get a good deal of valuable knowledge by seeing one and investigating the buffaloes which are now considerably extinct and in a little while we will not be able to see one even in a show. I suppose there are boys today who will have to grow up and say they never saw a buffalo which seems a pity.

Your affectionate son TOMMY.

P. S.—The wild west show is only twenty-five cents to get in under sixteen which makes it only seventy-five cents altogether. Lots of love to you and Mamma. TOMMY.

MAPLEVILLE, Oct. 8.

Dear Father:

Your prompt letter came today and I was more than surprised to find the dollar bill in it without saying what it is for which looks as though Mamma might have intended to send for something and you put the money in my letter by accident. It might be you intended it for me, though, because I happened to mention about the wild west show and if I do not hear from you about making a mistake in it I will take that view of it which makes me very grateful for your prompt reply. No wonder you are so successful in business when you are so prompt in all your dealings which is a very good lesson for me to be likewise.

You do not say anything about me not coming home for Thanksgiving and I was thinking what a great surprise it would be to Mamma if you told her I was not coming home and then at the last minute send for me to come unknown to her and have me there Thanksgiving morning for a pleasant surprise. It would be a good joke on her and would probably make her very happy. I think that sometimes boys are so busy with their studies and things they do not think as much about giving their parents a little pleasure as they ought to. Mamma has always worked so hard for us all that we ought to try to make her more happy now especially at Thanksgiving and Christmas which are more apt to make our mothers think about their boys way off at school. But it is just as you think about it although if anything should happen to her it would be apt to make us look back and be sorry for things we did not do for her which would be very sad and full of regret.

I wish you and Mamma could see it here now which is very lovely scenery and many fine things to eat in the stores very moderate. The finest apples are only fifteen cents a peck which seems like too cheap for such big red ones. Some of the boys have a peck in their rooms for eating when it is a little slack at the boarding house and on hash days if they do not like hash. Wednesday and Saturday is hash day which lets them get enough meat together that is not all eaten for hash in the meantime. It is a very economical system teaching you the value of not wasting anything which seems to be the principal idea. A peck of apples comes in very handy in your room when there is hash which seems quite often at twice a week.

I am doing fine in my studies and I am putting my standing card in this letter for you to see. My standing runs from average to fair which is said to be very good when you are only getting started. Many of the boys are only tolerable and some poor which they do not send home the cards for but which the principal usually sends himself.

Your affectionate son TOMMY.

P. S.—Love to Mamma who I wrote to yesterday but forgot to mail it till now. TOMMY.

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 13)

bereavement was not equal. More homes here were robbed by death of their light and promise than with us; and to this you must add the material desolation of the homes themselves. Our roofs were not laid in ashes, and to-day we sit in affluence while they sit in privation. As for the negro, forgive me if I assure you that you retain an Abolitionist exaltation for a creature ——"

I paused here in my letter to Aunt Carola, and sought for some fitting expression that should characterize for her with sufficient severity the new type of deliberately worthless negro; and, as I sought, my eyes wandered to the garden next door, the garden of the Cornerlys. On a bench near a shady arrangement of vines over bars sat Hortense Rieppe. She was alone, and, from her attitude, seemed to be thinking deeply. The high walls of the garden shut her into a privacy that her position near the shady vines still more increased. It was evident that she had come here for the sake of being alone, and I regretted that she was so turned from me that I could not see her face. But her solitude did not long continue; there came into view a gentleman of would-be-venerable appearance, who approached her with a walk carefully constructed for public admiration, and who, upon reaching her, bent over with the same sort of footlight elaboration and gave her a paternal kiss. I did not need to hear her call him father; he was so obviously General Rieppe, the hero of Chattanooga, that words would have been perfectly superfluous in his identification.

I was destined upon another day to hear the tones of his voice, and thereupon may as well state now that they belonged altogether with the rest of him. There is a familiar type of Northern fraud, and a Southern type, equally familiar, but totally different in appearance. The Northern type has the straight, flat, earnest hair, the shaven upper lip, the chin-beard, and the benovolent religious expression. He will be the president of several charities, and the head of one great business. He plays no cards, drinks no wine, and warns young men to beware of temptation. He is as genial as a hair-sofa; and he is seldom found out by the public unless some financial crash in general affairs uncovers his cheating, which lies most often beyond the law's reach; and because he cannot be put in jail he quite honestly believes Heaven is his destination. We see less of him since we have ceased to be a religious country, religion no longer being an essential disguise for him. The Southern type, with his unction and his juleps, is better company, unless he is the hero of too many of his own anecdotes. He is commonly the possessor of a poetic gaze, a mane of silvery hair, and a noble neck. As war days and cotton-factor days recede into a past more and more filmed over with romance, he too grows rare among us, and I regret it, for he was in truth a picturesque figure. General Rieppe was perfect.

At first I was sorry that the distance they were from me rendered hearing what they were saying impossible; very soon, however, the frame of my open window provided me with a living picture which would have been actually spoiled had the human voice disturbed its eloquent pantomime.

General Rieppe's daughter responded to her father's caress but languidly, turning to him her face, with its luminous, stationary beauty. He pointed to the house, and then waved his hand toward the bench where she sat; and she, in response to this, nodded slightly. Upon which the General, after another kiss of histrionic paternity administered to her forehead, left her sitting and proceeded along the garden walk at a stately pace, until I could no longer see him. Hortense, left alone upon the bench, looked down at the folds of her dress, extended a hand and slowly rearranged one of them, and then, with the same hand, felt her hair from front to back. This had scarce been accomplished when the General reappeared, ushering Juno along the walk, and bearing a chair with him. When they turned the corner at the arbor, Hortense rose, and greetings ensued. Few objects could be straighter than was Juno's back; her card-case was in her hand, but her pocket was not quite large enough for the whole of her pride, which stuck out so that it could have been seen from a greater distance than my

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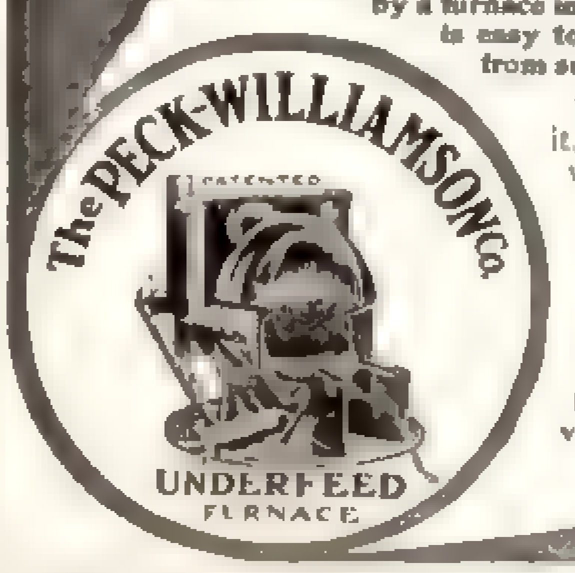

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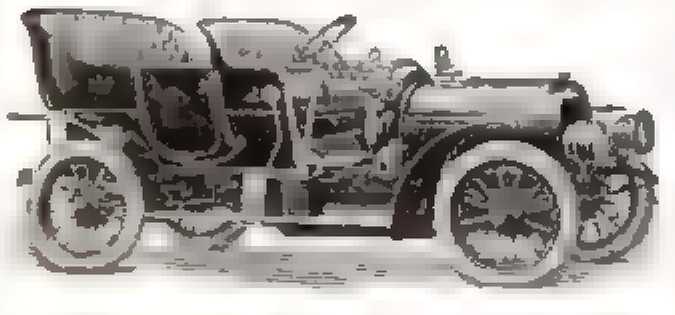

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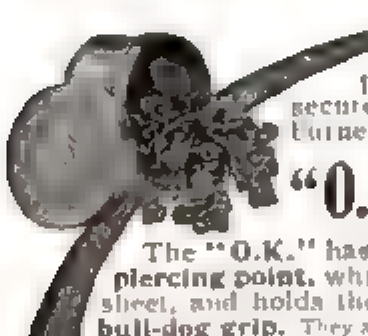

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window. The General would have departed, placing his chair for the visitor, when Hortense waved for him an inviting hand toward the bench beside her; he waved a similarly inviting hand, looking at Juno, who thereupon sat firmly down upon the chair. At this the General hovered heavily, looking at his daughter, who gave him no look in return, as she engaged in conversation with Juno; and presently the General left them. Juno's back and Hortense's front, both entirely motionless as they interviewed each other, presented a stiff appearance, until Juno half turned in her seat and Hortense's glance followed her slight movement; the two then rose, as the General came down the walk with two chairs, and Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. Juno, with a bow to them, approached Hortense by a step or two, a brief touch of their fingers was to be seen, and Juno's departure took place, attended by the heavy hovering of General Rieppe.

While Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Weguelin sat on their chairs, and Hortense sat on her bench, tea was brought and a table laid, behind whose whiteness and silver Hortense began slight offices with cups and sugar-tongs. She looked inquiry at her visitors, in answer to which Mrs. Gregory indicated acceptance, and Mrs. Weguelin refusal. The beauty of Hortense's face had strangely increased since the arrival of these two visitors. It shone resplendent behind the silver and the white cloth, and her movement, as she gave the cup to Mrs. Gregory St. Michael, was one of complete grace and admirable propriety. But once she looked away from them in the direction of the path. Her two visitors rose and left her, Mrs. Gregory setting her teacup down with a gesture that said she would take no more, and, after their bows of farewell, Hortense sat alone.

I saw that by the table lay a cardcase on the ground, evidently dropped by Mrs. Gregory; but Hortense could not see it where she sat. Her quick look along the path heralded more company and the General with more chairs. Young people now began to appear, the various motions of whom were more animated than the approaches and greetings and farewells of their elders; chairs were moved and exchanged, the General was useful in handing cups, and a number of faces unknown to me came and went, some of them elderly ones whom I had seen in church, or passed while walking; the black dresses of age mingled with the brighter colors of youth; and on her bench behind the cups sat Hortense, or rose up at right moments, radiant, restrained and adequate, receiving with deferential attention the remarks of some dark-clothed elder, or, with sufficiently interested countenance, inquiring something from a brighter one of her own generation; but twice I saw her look up the garden path. None of them stayed long, although when they were all gone the shadow of the garden wall had come as far as the arbor; and once again Hortense sat alone behind the table, leaning back with arms folded, and looking straight in front of her. At last she stirred and rose slowly, and then, with a movement which was the perfection of timidity, began to advance, as John, with his Aunt Eliza, came along the path. To John, Hortense with familiar yet discreet brightness gave a left hand, as she waited for the old lady; and then the old lady went through with it. What that embrace of acknowledgment cost her cannot be measured, and during its process John stood like a sentinel. Possibly this was the price of his forgiveness to his Aunt Eliza.

The visitors accepted tea, and the beauty in Hortense's face was now supreme. The old lady sat, forgetting to drink her tea, but very still in outward attitude, as she talked with Hortense; and the sight of one hand in its glove, lying motionless upon her best dress, suddenly almost drew unexpected tears to my eyes. John was nearly as quiet as she, but the glove that he held was twisted between his fingers. I expected that he would stay with his Hortense when his Aunt took her leave; he, however, accompanied the old lady out and back, I suppose, to her house, as was proper.

Hortense stood looking after them, lost in her meditations, until her eyes chanced to fall upon Mrs. Gregory St. Michael's cardcase. She swooped down and up with a flying curve of grace, holding her prey caught, the symbol of Kings Port's capitulation. And then, catching also her handsome skirts on either side, she danced like a whirling fan among the empty chairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WANTED—A MILLION

(Continued from Page 6)

But it's wrong—it's all wrong. And it's my fault."

Stephenson got up and looked at his watch. "I've got to take the nine o'clock train for Austin," he said.

VI

WHEN Stephenson walked into the bank the next morning old Forsyth looked up shrewdly.

"Hello, John," he said. "Filson's here."

"What's he got to say?"

"He says that you put up ten thousand dollars to buy a half-interest in his leases," the old man went on threateningly. "What I want to know is where you got the money?"

"Mr. Forsyth," said Stephenson, "have you found any shortage in my accounts?"

"No," the old man admitted grudgingly.

"Have you and the bank got every dollar that's coming to them?"

"Why, yes, I ——"

"Well, then, I want to know what business it is of yours where I got the money?"

Forsyth looked the cashier straight in the eyes for a moment. "I want back that power you've got to sell my stock," he said.

Stephenson put the paper which meant control of the Independent Oil Company on the old man's desk without a word. Then he got up and left the bank. At the corner livery-stable he hired a horse and started to drive out to the oil fields. A mile out of town he suddenly stopped his horse and turned around. Half an hour later he tied the foaming animal in front of the bank.

Forsyth, looking out the window, saw him drive up, and walked forward to meet him at the counter as he came in. There was no trace of excitement about Stephenson.

"Mr. Forsyth," he said, "either you or Filson is going to lose out when I sell control of the Independent Company to the Atlas."

"How kin you sell what you h'ain't got?"

"I can wait five minutes for you to decide which one of you it'll be. I don't want you saying I didn't give you a chance."

The old man hesitated painfully. "Will you treat me square, John?" he asked.

Slocum, the station-agent, came into the bank. "Why, hello, John," he said. "I been looking all over for you. Here's a message that come early this morning."

Stephenson tore the envelope, read the telegram and put it into his pocket without a word of explanation.

"Wait a moment," he said, as Slocum turned to go out. "Mr. Forsyth'd like you to witness a paper for him."

"All right, all right," broke out the mystified old man. "Come inside, John, and we'll draw 'er up."

The power of attorney was written, signed and witnessed by Slocum and by another man who was called in from the street.

"The telegram I just got," said Stephenson, as he put the paper in his pocket, "calls me back to New York at once. I expect our deal'll be closed inside of a week, Mr. Forsyth."

On arriving in New York, Stephenson went to the office of Bronson, who had sent the telegram of recall.

"Colonel Thompson wants me to find out what is the smallest cash price you'll take for your stock?" the broker said.

"I have made my proposition," Stephenson answered, "and I have nothing to add. I'll be in New York for the next two weeks."

The same evening he went to call on Mrs. Morris, craving the sympathy and support which he felt sure she would give him. Nor was he disappointed.

He spent a long, restful, inspiring evening with her, and as he walked to his hotel it came to him irresistibly that here was the proper mate for a man who was just at the beginning of a strenuous and exciting career as a financier.

Next afternoon, driven by his determined will, he went back and told her the facts. Mrs. Morris was gently and tactfully sympathetic. She had no suggestion of reproach for the other woman. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Stephenson was wrong about it. Could he not go back to his wife and make explanations which would result in a mutual understanding? Mrs. Morris could never forgive herself if, willingly, she had come between man and wife.

John Stephenson broke out into protestations of his love for her. Between him and his wife a breach had been growing for years.

Very well. She would not attempt to deny that she loved him in return. But—he had so much to offer and she so little. He was just beginning a great career in finance. Would it be wise to risk the handicap of divorce and remarriage? They must wait.

Less than a week later Stephenson sold his stock to the Atlas Company at the figure he had originally named. He promptly sent drafts for $375,000 to old Forsyth in Austin. Then he wrote to his wife—the first time he had written since he left her in Chicago—saying, briefly, that he had closed the deal successfully, and that he had made arrangements for her to have a credit of $500 a month at the Sixteenth National Bank in that city.

When he told the great news to Mrs. Morris she answered simply, "I knew it."

"Now you must promise me, Anne?" he pleaded.

"If you are sure, John," she answered; "if there is no doubt in your mind."

VII

IT WAS just below the crest of a great bull market in Wall Street, and John Stephenson plunged at once into the thick of it. It was decided that he was never to go back to Austin and that he was to marry Mrs. Morris as soon as that was legally possible, but he still hesitated, with a cowardice which angered him, to take the step which should cut him off from his wife forever.

Meantime the stock market was like a display of fireworks against the background of public excitement, and Stephenson developed almost at once an uncanny skill at guessing which skyrocket would go up next. Within three months he had multiplied his capital by four, and his name was beginning to get into the newspapers as that of the leader of a new crowd of Western plungers which was shaking up the old bones in the whited sepulchres of the Street. One evening, calling on Mrs. Morris as he almost always did, he told her of the great profits he had made that day.

"Within thirty days I'll have everything arranged," he said. "Then you and I will go to Europe for a year."

So it happened that on an autumn afternoon Charles Boyd Getty sent his card up to Mrs. Stephenson at the house of her sister in Chicago.

"I am Mr. Stephenson's personal attorney," he said, rising to meet her. "May I trouble you to read this letter?"

The envelope was addressed to her in her husband's handwriting. She drew out the inclosure. "This will introduce Mr. Charles Boyd Getty, my attorney," it said simply. "You may take whatever he says as coming directly from me."

"What is your errand, sir?" she asked.

"I come with a message which Mr. Stephenson feels will be more of a relief to you than it can be to him. He feels that for a long time there has been an utter lack of sympathy between you, and he wishes to offer you release from a galling bond."

"I understand that Mr. Stephenson intends to obtain a divorce?"

"No. He wishes to be guided entirely by your own wishes, and to protect your feelings from any possible hurt. A divorce is inevitable, but he leaves you to obtain it."

"I will not ——"

"Allow me to say, madam, that my client's only wish is to get this whole matter over with as easily as possible for you."

"I was about to say that I will not interfere with my husband's plainly expressed determination. Is there anything further?"

"Yes. My client desires to provide liberally for your future support. I have here"—he took some papers from his pocketbook—"drafts for one million dollars. They are to be turned over to you as soon as you have secured your divorce."

Mrs. Stephenson rose to her feet. "I shall never touch the money," she said.

"Madam," said the lawyer pleadingly, "let me suggest that such a refusal would be very foolish. The income from this large sum will supply you with every luxury. It will open opportunities for European travel. You may see great pictures ——"

"Is this part of your instructions from my husband?" Mrs. Stephenson interrupted. The man was repeating her own words.

"No," answered the lawyer, also rising. "I make them on my own motion, because I do not want you to let your pride lead you into a course you would later regret."

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"Good-day, sir," said Mrs. Stephenson

"The money will be deposited in the Sixteenth National Bank," said Getty, as he bowed himself out, "subject to your order the minute you get your decree."

Within the next sixty days Mrs. Stephenson had established a legal residence in Chicago, and then she at once began suit for divorce

Her lawyers promised that there should be no publicity about her divorce, but, though the bill was suppressed, news of its filing somehow reached the newspapers, and John Stephenson's prominence gave reason for its being widely printed.

A few days later Mrs. Stephenson began to receive a series of anonymous letters from New York, telling of her husband's infatuation for Anne Morris, and giving what purported to be certain sensational incidents in the career of that young woman. Mrs. Stephenson's feelings in reading them were strangely mixed.

She sent word to her attorneys that she had changed her mind, and did not wish her divorce suit set for trial. They attempted to argue with her, but that only aroused her antagonism, and her final orders were that the case should be stricken from the docket.

The next week she went to New York to visit Mrs. Eaton, an old friend, whose husband was the editor of one of the great daily newspapers. Eating luncheon one day downtown, she saw her husband come into the dining-room. With him was a tall, beautifully-gowned woman.

Next morning Mrs. Stephenson made occasion to speak with Eaton alone.

"Mr. Eaton," she said, "you know that I am suing my husband for divorce. I am told he intends to marry Mrs. Anne Morris, of this city. Do you know her?"

"By sight only."

"I have had letters about her. What can you tell me?"

"In our graveyard at the office—that's where we keep pictures and clippings about people who are in any way prominent—there is a whole envelope devoted to her. She was the daughter of a Bowery saloonkeeper. When she was eighteen she ran away with the son of a very rich man, and it cost his father a lot of money to annul the marriage. Morris, her last husband, died about a year ago."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Stephenson. In her mail that morning she found a letter from her lawyers in Chicago.

"We find," they wrote, "that your husband has deposited one million dollars to your credit in the Sixteenth National Bank of this city. The money is to be paid over to you when you secure your decree. It is provided that unless the decree is obtained within ninety days from the date of deposit the money shall revert to Mr. Stephenson. The ninety days will be up on Saturday of next week.

"We understand that you are the final judge as to the wisdom of pushing your case to a hearing, but we feel it our duty to remind you that, unless immediate action is taken, you will lose this large sum of money. We hope you will instruct us to proceed at once. With that hope in mind we have not as yet dismissed the suit. Allow us to advise you not to let any feeling of false pride stand in your way. Please wire us if you intend to return at once to Chicago."

Mrs. Stephenson sat down to write an immediate answer. Now, more than ever, she was determined not to allow the divorce proceedings to go any further.

But the letter was hard to write. Certainly she could not tell the lawyers her real reason for ordering the suit dismissed. Impatiently she turned from the desk and picked up the morning paper which had fallen on the floor. A headline on the first page caught her eye. She straightened up in her chair and read the article through. The last paragraph ran thus:

"And so it may safely be predicted that John Stephenson and his crowd of Western plungers have met their Waterloo. In attempting to buy control of the P. & S. W. Railroad they have met opponents who are more than their match in experience and financial resources. In the early part of the campaign the Stephenson party succeeded in getting hold of a big block of stock. It may be admitted that they pulled the wool over the eyes of the Murkins clique, which has so long controlled the road. But once Murkins was aroused to the danger, he took swift and effective action. From now on it will be chiefly a question of who can pour the most millions into the fight, and on that issue Stephenson and his party are certain to lose."

Mrs. Stephenson dropped the paper, turned to her desk, and tore the letter she had started to write into bits. Hurriedly writing a telegram, she called a messenger and sent it out to be wired.

"Leaving on first train," it said. "Have everything ready for instant action."

VIII

THE divorce lawyer in Chicago smiled cynically when he got Mrs. Stephenson's telegram. But even he was astonished by the feverish anxiety for immediate action displayed by his client.

Within twenty-four hours after she reached the Windy City, a complaisant judge, after listening to the perfunctory statements of two or three witnesses, granted the divorce and signed the decree. Then Mrs. Stephenson insisted on getting immediate possession of the million dollars deposited to her credit in the Sixteenth National Bank. Disregarding the advice of her attorneys and the interested urging of the bank officials, she took the whole sum in drafts on New York.

The same afternoon a telegram from New York was laid on the desk of the president of the bank. It was signed "Charles Boyd Getty" and it said: "Hold money deposited in escrow to credit of Mrs. John Stephenson. I will arrive to-morrow."

When his wife's suit for divorce was first filed, John Stephenson was engaged in a tremendous effort to get control of the P. & S.W Railroad. In itself the P. & S.W. was a short and unimportant line, but it held leases on many great Western connections, which gave those who owned its stock control of one of the transcontinental railroad systems. It was a prize worth fighting for. Following methods familiar to Wall Street, Stephenson and his recognized agents conducted a bear campaign against the stock, while at the same time, through another and obscure set of brokers, he was buying the actual securities and putting them away in his vault.

When Mrs. Stephenson came to New York the deal had so far progressed that success seemed certain. Once she had secured her divorce, and John Stephenson was actually master of the railroad situation, Mrs. Morris had agreed to an immediate marriage. Then Stephenson was to turn the management of his property over to lieutenants and take his new wife to Europe.

But suddenly Murkins and the financiers who had been so long associated with him in the ownership of the P. & S. W. became aware that their continued control of the road was in danger. They acted promptly. First of all, they issued to themselves a large block of stock remaining unsold in the treasury of the road. Then they entered the open market to fight with John Stephenson for the purchase of the outstanding stock, which now held the balance of power. Murkins was a director in one of the great life-insurance companies and in that way was able to command practically cash.

The article read by Mrs. Stephenson, which led her to change her mind so suddenly and take the first train back to Chicago, was the first public announcement of the determination of the Murkins party to hold control of the road at any cost.

Stephenson rallied all his resources to meet the issue. He defied his advisers, Getty among them, who urged an attempt to save something out of the coming wreck. Even in Mrs. Morris he detected a certain tone of uncertainty, a something lacking in the sympathetic enthusiasm which had hitherto been his inspiration. But he plunged into the fight with the desperation of a man who has everything at stake. For three days the price of P. & S. W. went soaring. For three days came fresh calls for larger margins; for huge sums to make final payments on stock deliveries.

On the evening of the third day Stephenson found himself involved to the last cent and deserted by his allies, who had run to cover. Utter ruin stared him in the face.

As for Getty, after hearing Stephenson's determination to fight to the last ditch, he got into quick communication with a broker who held a large claim against the ruined plunger. Getty pointed out that instant legal action might tie up the million dollars deposited in Chicago. The two men came to terms; Getty sent his telegram to the president of the Sixteenth National Bank and himself started for Chicago.

On the evening of the critical third day Stephenson went to call on Mrs. Morris—as he had never failed to do during the whole progress of the fight. He looked up in astonishment to find that the house was

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closed and darkened. The man who answered his ring at the door was a stranger.

"Mrs. Morris left the city this morning," he said in answer to Stephenson's inquiry. "She left no address and I have no idea when she will return. No, there is no message for any one."

Next morning John Stephenson sat alone in the little office from which the P. & S. W. fight had been conducted. He was ruined. His last faith in human nature was destroyed. Nothing made any difference now.

He picked up the mail which the carrier had laid on his desk. On the top was a letter addressed, as he recognized with a start, in his wife's handwriting. He tore open the envelope. Out of it dropped drafts on New York to the amount of an even million dollars. Each of them was indorsed payable to his order. There was nothing else in the envelope.

Twenty-four hours after she had mailed the drafts to New York she who had been Mrs. Stephenson took a fast train for the same city. At Albany the New York papers were brought on board, and she sat down to read them. She had not long to look for what interested her. Under flaming headlines was told the story of the most sensational fight Wall Street had ever known.

"On Wednesday," the article said, "the Stephenson party seemed to be completely routed. The Street went home feeling that the demands of the day had left the daring plungers utterly exhausted. The people in control of P. & S. W. counted the victory already theirs.

"But yesterday morning Stephenson, though deserted by his allies, surprised the Street by displaying unsuspected and still unexplained resources. He poured a vast sum of money into the market and kept his enemies in a panic all morning. Never has Wall Street seen so desperate a struggle. And when John Stephenson finally went down, his enemies were fairly gasping for breath.

"'I have lost,' said Mr. Stephenson after closing time yesterday, 'but I shall be here at 37 Broad Street to-morrow, ready to meet any one who may wish to see me.'"

Mrs. Stephenson drove straight to the office of the man who had been her husband. The elevator man pointed out a little room at the end of the hall. She knocked and John Stephenson himself opened the door.

"Molly!" he gasped.

"John," she said, "I have come to help you."

He stared at her with unbelieving eyes "Molly you don't know," he stammered.

She went in and closed the door behind her.

"Yes," she said, "I know everything."

"You can't know,' he declared. "After what I've done!"

She looked at him and smiled a little, pathetic, twisted smile. "It wasn't you at all, John," she said. "I know that."

"Do you know that I was going to marry another woman? That I'm ruined? That all my friends have deserted me? That even she has left me without a word?"

'Then don't you think you need my help, John?" she asked.

"Molly," he went on, "the fight I made yesterday I made for you."

"I knew it."

"But I lost."

"Thank God for that, John!" the woman said earnestly.

"All these months I've been crazy," he went on.

"But now you're sane again."

They sat silent for a moment.

"What shall I do?" the man asked finally.

From outside the shrill, insistent clamor of the great city beat into the quiet room.

"What would you think of a homely little white frame house on Main Street in Austin, John?" she asked.

Stephenson crossed the room and knelt down at her feet.

"Is it possible, Molly——" he began.

"Why not?" she interrupted. "In the beginning it was my fault. Now let me help to make it right again."

THE TREMOLO STOP

(Continued from Page 11)

in the graces of the others about the office who knew of his weakness, Mehronay turned in the gayest lot of copy he ever wrote. There was an "assessment call of the Widowers' Protective Association to pay the sad wedding loss of Brother P. R. Cullom, of the Bee Hive," whose wedding was announced in the society column; there was a card of thanks from Ben Pore to those who had come with their sympathy and glue to nurse his wooden Indian which had blown down and broken the night before, and resolutions of respect for the same departed brother, in most mocking language, from the Red Men Lodge. There was an item saying seven different varieties of Jones and three kinds of Hughes were in town from Lebo—the Welsh settlement; there was a call for the uniformed rank of head waiters to meet in regalia at Mrs. Larabee's reception, signed by the three men in town who were known to have evening clothes, and there was a meeting of the Anti-kin Society announced to discuss the length of time Alphabetical Morrison's new son-in-law would be allowed to visit the Morrisons before the neighbors could ask when he was going to leave. But when the paper was out Mehronay got a dozen copies from the press and sent them away in wrappers which he addressed, and the piece his blue pencil marked was none of these.

As the spring filled out and became summer we noticed that Mehronay was singing rather fewer Gospel hymns and rather more sentimental songs than usual. And then the horrible report came to the office that Mehronay had been seen by one of the printers walking one night after bedtime under the State Street elms with a woman. Also his items began to indicate a closer knowledge of what was going on in society than Mehronay naturally could have. In the fall we learned through the girls in the Bee Hive that he had bought a white shirt and a pair of celluloid cuffs. This rumor set the office afire with curiosity, but none dared to tease Mehronay.

Not until late in the fall, when Madame Janauschek came to the opera house to play Macbeth, did Mehronay uncover his intrigue. For the first time in his three years' employment on the paper he asked for two show tickets! And the entire office lined up at the opera house—most of us paying our own way, not to see the Macbeths, but to see Mehronay's Romeo and Juliet. The office devil, who was late mailing the papers that night, says that about seven o'clock Mehronay came in singing Jean, Jean, my Bonnie Jean, and that he went to his trunk, took out his celluloid cuffs, a new sky-blue and shell-pink necktie that none of us had seen before, a clean paper collar—and the boy, who probably was mistaken, swears Mehronay also took his white shirt—in a bundle which he proudly tucked under his arm and toddled out of the office whistling a wedding march. An hour later he appeared at the opera house dressed in this regalia and a new black suit, buttoned primly and exactly in a fashion unknown to Mehronay, with Miss Columbia Merley, spinster, teacher of Greek and Hellenic philosophy at the college, and the office force asked in a gasp of wonder: "Who dressed him?" Miss Merley—late in her forties, steel-eyed, thin-chested, flint-faced and with hair knotted so tightly back from her high stony brow that she had to take out two hairpins to wink—Miss Merley might have done it—but she had no kith or kin who could have done it for her, and certainly the hand that smoothed the coat buttoned the vest, and the hand that buttoned the vest put on the collar and tie——

But that was an office mystery. We never have solved it, and no one had the courage to tease Mehronay about it the next morning. After that we knew and Mehronay knew that we knew that he and Miss Merley went to church every Sunday evening—the Presbyterian church, mind you, where there was no foolishness—and that after church Mehronay always spent exactly half an hour in the parlor of the house where his divinity roomed. And a whole year went by wherein Mehronay was sober, and did not look upon the wine when it was red or brown or yellow or any other color. And when he "writ a piece" there was frequently something in it defending women's rights. Also he severed diplomatic relations with the girl clerks in the White Front and the Bee Hive and the Racket, and bought a cane and aspired to some dignity of person. But Mehronay's heart was unchanged. The snows of boreal affection did not wither or fade his eternal spring

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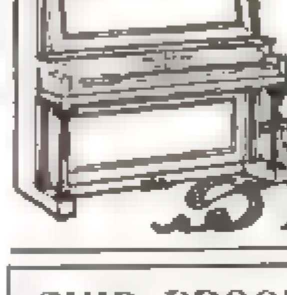

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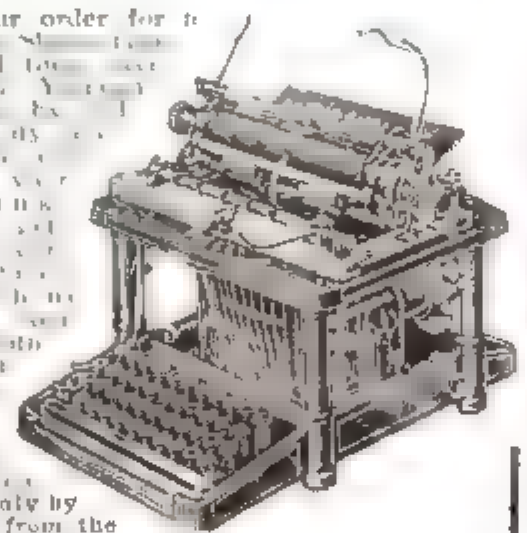

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PATENTS that PROTECT

[illegible]
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

And so another year went by and Mehronay's "pieces" made the circulation grow and we were prosperous. It became known about town long before we knew it in the office that if Mehronay kept sober for three years she would have him, and when we finally heard it he was on the last half of the third year and was growing sombre. The day before Mehronay's wedding, a child died over near the railroad, and the morning he was to be married we found this on the copy-hook:

"A ten-line item appeared in last night's paper, away down in one corner, that brought more hearts together in a common bond—the bond of fear and sympathy and sorrow—than any other item has done for a long time. The item told of the death, by scarlet fever, of little Flossie Yengst. Probably the child was not known outside her little group of playmates; her father and mother are not of that advertised clique known of men as prominent people; he is an engineer on the Santa Fe, and the mother moves in that small circle of her friends and neighbors which circumscribes American motherhood of the best type. And yet, last night, when that little ten-line item was read by a thousand firesides in this town, thousands and thousands of hearts turned to that desolate home by the track, and poured upon it the benediction of their sympathies. That home was the meeting-place where rich and poor, great and weak, good and bad, stood equals. Because in every heart that is not a dead heart, calloused to all joy or sorrow, some little child is enshrined—either dead or living—and so child-love is the one universal emotion.

"A child's soul is such a small thing, and the world and the systems of worlds, and the infinite stretches of illimitable space, are so wide for a child's soul to wander in, that, sane as we may be, stolid as we may try to be, we think in imagery, and the figure of little feet setting off on the far track to the end of things, hunting God, wrings our heart-strings and makes our throats grip and our eyelids quiver.

"And then, a child dying, leaving this good world of ours, seems to have had so small a chance for itself. There is something in all of us struggling against oblivion, striving vainly to make a real impress on the current of time, and a child, dying, can only clutch the hands about it and go down—forever. It seems so merciless, so unfair. Perhaps that is why, all over the world, the little graves are cared for best. It is to the little graves that we turn, and not to the larger mounds, in our keenest anguish, to the little graves that our hearts are drawn in our hours of triumph. And so the child, though dead, lives its appointed time and dies only in the fullness of its years. The little shoes, the little dresses, the 'little tin soldiers covered with rust,' and the memories sweeter than dreams of a honeymoon, these are life's immortelles that never fade."

After his wedding we made brave, in a sly way, to rail at Mehronay about his love affair, and he took it good-naturedly. He knew the situation just as it was; his sense of humor allowed him no false view of the matter. One afternoon when the paper was out, George Kirwin, the foreman, and one of the reporters and Mehronay were in the back room leaning against the imposing-stones looking over the paper, when Kirwin said: "Say, Mehronay, how did you get yourself to ask her?"

It was asked in a joke. The two young men were grinning, but Mehronay looked at the floor in a study as he said:

"Well, to be honest—hanged if I ever did—just exactly." He smiled reflectively in a pause and continued: "Nearest I remember was one night we was sitting with our feet on the base-burner and I looked up and says: 'Commie'—I called her that for short—'why in the devil don't a fine woman like you get married?' And she got up and come over to where I was a-sitting, and before I could say 'Get away' she put her hand on my shoulder and says real soft and solemn: 'I'll just be damned if I don't believe I will.'"

He did not smile when he looked up, but sighed contentedly as he added reverently: "And so, by thunder, she did!"

We did not have Mehronay with us more than a year after his wedding. Mrs. Mehronay knew what he was worth. She asked for twenty-five dollars a week for him, and when we told her the office could not afford it she took him away. They went to New York City where she peddled his pieces

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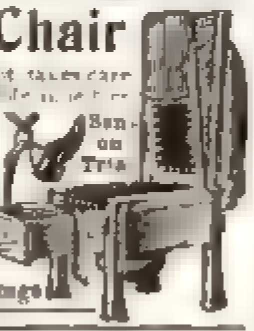

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about town until she got him a regular place. There they have lived happily ever after. Mehronay brings his envelope home every Saturday night, and she gives him his carfare and his shaving-money and puts the rest where it will do the most good. When the men from our office go to New York—which they sometimes do—they visit with Mehronay at his office, and sometimes—if there is time for due and proper notice of the function in writing—there is an invitation to dinner. Mehronay fondles his old friends like a child and takes eager pleasure in them, but she that was Columbia Merley all but searches their pockets for the tempter.

For Mehronay has never broken his word. He knows if he does break it she will tear him limb from limb and eat him raw. So he goes to his work, writes his pieces, hums his gentle bee-song—so that men do not like to room with him at his office—and has learned to keep himself fairly well buttoned up in the great city. But Miss Larrabee that was—who used to edit the society page for our paper, but who now lives in New York—told us when she was home that, as she was walking down Fourth Avenue one winter day, she saw Mehronay standing before the window of a liquor store looking intently at the display of bottled goods before him. When he saw her half a block away he turned from her and shuffled rapidly down the street clicking his cane nervously.

It was not for him!

The Private Freight Car System

(Continued from Page 5)

When it comes to deciding whether refrigeration rates are reasonable or unreasonable we must consider the quality of the service, its cost to those furnishing it and the hazards and liabilities which have to be shouldered by the car lines. That the service is indispensable to the grower, that he has paid far higher rates in the past than he now pays, and that his business has marvelously expanded under these rates, I have already indicated.

The quality of the service is so high that growers are of one voice in its praise. Broadly speaking they have no complaints to make on this score. Of course there are individual complaints, but these are so insignificant as compared with the total number of shippers or the number of shippers who have put themselves on record as delighted with the service that my statement stands without qualification. Here is one incident, typical of scores of others demonstrating the growers' appreciation of the quality of the private car service. Benton Harbor, Michigan, is tapped by three railroads. Two of these, during the peach season just passed, furnished refrigerator cars to shippers and did icing at the cost for ice of $2.50 per ton. The private car line operating over the other road charged its regular refrigeration rates. The apparent difference was great; but, in spite of this, 60 per cent. of the peach crop of that place was shipped by the private car line, and 80 per cent. would have been carried if the road over which it operated had had engines enough to haul the trains.

A large proportion of the labor required in this service is above the ordinary in the matter of cost. Inspections, to be of any value, must be intelligent and dependable, and this kind of labor cannot be had at a cheap price. Private cars are inspected not only at the shipping point, but at various points along the route.

Then let us look at the matter of hazards. Failure of the entire fruit crop in whole districts is one of the hazards. This happens altogether too frequently. It means, first, a total failure of revenue from that region, but that is only the beginning of the loss side of the account. Let me illustrate this by an actual occurrence representative of a routine feature of the business. In 1898 the big ice houses at Marshallville and Fort Valley were stored with ice to refrigerate the Georgia fruit crop; we had to ship that ice in vessels from Maine to Savannah and from there by rail to the inland peach country; this was expensive, but a big crop was expected the next season. A late frost wiped out the entire crop and not one car of peaches was shipped out of the State. There was no way in which to use the ice and it melted. The ice hazard is one which catches the private car lines both coming and going. A fruit

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crop that is abundant beyond all calculations often finds the local ice supply insufficient. There is only one thing to do and that is always done. Ice enough is shipped from the nearest points (often quite remote), and this heavy addition of expense is on our shoulders and not on the shippers'; we get no more for the refrigeration because of this emergency outlay.

Under the exclusive contract the private car line is obligated to do its part to have the cars on hand to handle the crop, and if it fails to do so it is responsible to the growers, and settles with them for the fruit lost because the refrigerator cars were not there to take care of it. A very practical example of doing still more than this is had in an incident which cost our lines $75,000. Because of the extreme congestion of traffic on a certain railroad our refrigerator cars were not at the shipping point of the North Carolina strawberry districts at the critical moment. Therefore the berries could not be shipped before they became damaged. Did the growers suffer from this? Not at all. They received the market price for their crop, even a higher price than if their berries had actually reached the market, for the market was short the number of carloads for which we settled. We had contracted with the railroad tapping that territory to deliver so many cars to receive the ripened crop. Through no fault of our own the cars were not on hand, but we "made good."

There are many other reasons besides the one of liability pointed by this incident why the private car is the only logical agency by which the fruit business can be handled, and why the exclusive contract is the only logical basis upon which the private car can be operated. There is scarcely a railroad in this country operating in a fruit territory whose traffic officials have not testified under oath that it would be impractical, if not impossible, for their road to own fruit refrigerator cars enough to take care of its own fruit business. Why? Because the peach season or the berry season, for example, lasts only three or four weeks; these cars cost over one thousand dollars each and are unsuitable for any other kind of traffic; the handling and care of them is a peculiar service which the railroads admit they are not equipped to perform; a railroad furnishing its own cars would not only have to furnish service along its own rails but beyond and wherever the cars might go.

Now a private car line doing business under an exclusive contract can accomplish practically all the essentials of good service which the railroads operating their own refrigerator cars could not give short of a cost which would be absolutely prohibitive. It has a special and experienced service; its organization covers the entire United States, and wherever there is a natural highway for this kind of traffic there will be found its ice houses or plants and its stations for re-icing and inspection. It commands the entrance to and the outlook over the markets of the country, and the grower has the advantage of this scope in every particular. He can send his fruit into any market and divert it en route if he desires.

As to the exclusive contract, it should be said that ice supplies, to be reliable, have to be stored up many months in advance of the fruit crop; cars have to be "parked" or distributed long before they are used. Then an immense expenditure looking to the future has to be put out in ice plants, other buildings, and for other equipment. Recently the Armour Car Lines put $125,000 into an ice plant at Las Vegas, Nevada, on the line of Senator Clark's new road that runs through the Mojavie Desert and Death Valley, an arid and undeveloped region. Such an outlay would have been absolutely impossible and unwarranted if the car lines were debarred from making a long-time exclusive contract with the railroad looking toward and providing for the systematic development of a great fruit district and a great fruit traffic.

It should be added that in almost every district where the exclusive contract prevails, at least so far as our lines are concerned, the growers themselves requested the railway to make an exclusive contract. They declared that under competition the supply of cars and the supply of ice was fluctuating and unreliable. No one knew just how many cars they would be called on for, and they had either too few or too many when the days of shipment came. Also they complained of the quality of the service under the competing system, declaring that it did not minister to the systematic development of the territory.

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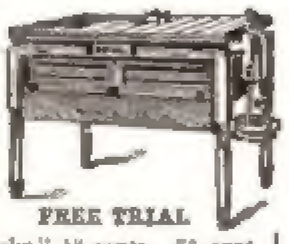

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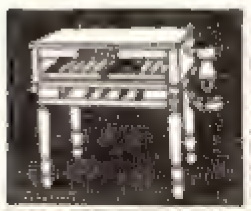

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THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

(Concluded from Page 8)

developed that apart from the prisoner's own confession there was practically nothing to connect him with the crime. Under a statute making such evidence obligatory in order to render a confession sufficient for a conviction, the prisoner had to be discharged.

In the case of Mabel Parker, a young woman of twenty, charged with the forgery of a large number of checks, many of them for very large amounts, her husband made an almost successful attempt to procure her acquittal by means of a new variation of the old device. Mrs. Parker, after her husband had been arrested for *passing* one of the bogus checks, had been duped by a detective into believing that the latter was a fellow-criminal who was interested in securing Parker's release. In due course she took this supposed friend into her confidence, made a complete confession, and illustrated her skill by impromptu copies of the forgeries upon a sheet of pad paper from memory. This the detective secured and then arrested her. She was indicted for forging the name *Alice Kauser* to a check upon the Lincoln National Bank. On her trial she denied having done so, and claimed that the detective had found the sheet containing her supposed handwriting in her husband's desk, and that she had written none of the alleged copies upon it. The door of the court-room then opened, and James Parker was led to the bar and *pleaded guilty* to the forgery of the check in question. (For the benefit of the layman it should be explained that as a rule indictments for forgery also contain a count for "uttering," and vice versa.) He then took the stand, admitted that he had written the check, and swore that it was *his handwriting* which appeared on the pad.

The prosecutor was nonplused. If he should ask the witness to prove his capacity to forge such a check from memory on the witness-stand, the latter, as he had had ample time to practice the signature while in prison, would probably succeed in doing so. If he should not ask him to write the name the defendant's counsel would argue to the jury that he was *afraid* to do so. The district attorney therefore took the bull by the horns and challenged Parker to make from memory a copy of the signature, and, much as he had suspected, the witness produced a very good one. An acquittal seemed certain, and the prosecutor was at his wit's end to devise a means to meet this practical demonstration that the husband was in fact the forger. At last it was suggested to him that it would be comparatively easy to memorize such a signature, and acting on this hint he found that after half an hour's practice he was able to make about as good a forgery as Parker. When therefore it came time for him to address the jury he pointed out the fact that Parker's performance on the witness-stand really established nothing at all—that any one could forge such a signature from memory after but a few minutes' practice.

"To prove to you how easily this can be done," said he, "I will volunteer to write a better Kauser signature than Parker did."

He thereupon seized a pen and began to demonstrate his ability to do so. Mrs. Parker, seeing the force of this ocular demonstration, grasped her counsel's arm and cried out: "For God's sake don't let him do it!" The lawyer objected, the objection was sustained, but the case was saved. Why, the jury argued, should the lawyer object unless the making of such a forgery were in fact an easy matter?

In desperate cases, desperate men will take desperate chances. The famous instance where the lawyer, defending a client charged with causing the death of another by administering poisoned cake, met the evidence of the prosecution's experts with the remark: *"This is my answer to their testimony!"* and calmly ate the balance of the cake, is too familiar to warrant detailed repetition. The jury retired to the jury-room and the lawyer to his office, where a stomach pump quickly put him out of danger. The jury acquitted.

Such are some of the tricks of the legal trade as practiced in its criminal branch. Most of them are unsuccessful and serve only to relieve the gray monotony of the courts. When they achieve their object they add to the gayety of the profession and teach the prosecutor a lesson by which, perhaps, he may profit in the future.

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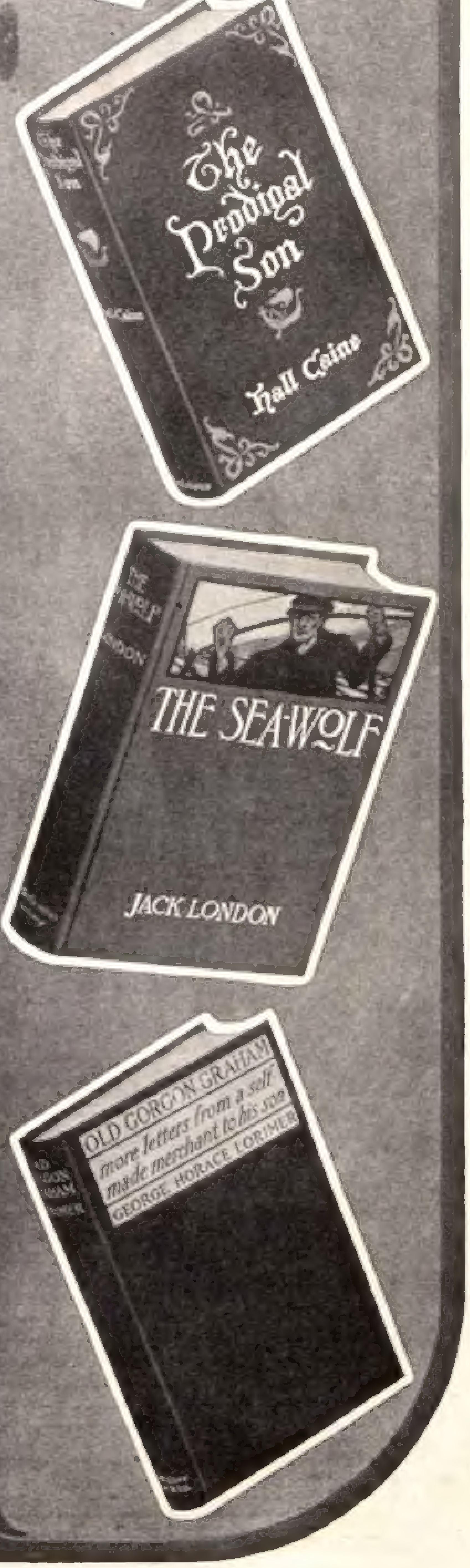
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California

Will you pick your oranges this year—or buy them by the dozen?

¶ More people are going to California this year than ever before. It's the **proper** thing to do. They go also for the golf, automobiling, bathing and the hundred and one delights of that land of sunny warmth.

¶ The trip to California can be made now with a little more comfort—a little quicker (1½ hours) than last year on the ROCK ISLAND'S elegant train

Golden State Limited

¶ It's the newest and most luxuriously equipped train in America—runs over the **shortest** route between Chicago or St. Louis and Los Angeles—the line of lowest altitudes and longest level stretches, freest from snow and ice—in a word, "the warm winter way." Observation, Buffet-Library, Drawing-Room Pullmans and Dining Cars, equipped with all the minor accessories that help to make the journey pleasurable.

LEAVES CHICAGO, 9:00 P. M. LEAVES ST. LOUIS, 10:02 P. M., DAILY.
ARRIVES LOS ANGELES - - - - - 2:15 P. M., THIRD DAY OUT.

¶ A second daily U. S. Mail train leaves Chicago and St. Louis every morning, running over same route. Standard and tourist Pullmans and dining-car service.

☛ USE THIS COUPON ☚

JNO. SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager,
ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM, CHICAGO:

I expect to go to California about____________________

Please send me "ROCK ISLAND TRAINS," the "GOLDEN STATE" and "HOTELS" with information as to rates from

____

Name__________________________

Address________________________

Rock Island

ROCK ISLAND BOOKS YOU NEED

THE GOLDEN STATE—1906 edition. Sixty-four pages of facts about California. Tells where to go, what to see and what it costs. Ten old Mission views, in color.

ROCK ISLAND TRAINS TO CALIFORNIA—A brief, easy-to-read, illustrated story of the Rock Island's service to California. Tells also about the interesting points en route.

A BOOK OF HOTELS IN CALIFORNIA—A forty-eight-page illustrated booklet setting forth the attractions and environs of the principal resort hotels. Contains also a tabulated list of every hotel and boarding-house in the State. Gives rates, capacity, location and name of proprietor.